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The Mirror

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The Mirror

Nineteen Hundred and Twenty

Published by
The Senior Class of
Remington High School
Remington, Indiana

In Memory of

Clarence Dewey McGlynn

Killed in Action

Oct. 14, 1918.

Board of Education

F. L. Peck, Pres.

J. A. Washburn, Sec.

C. A. Bonner, Treas.

The Faculty

LAURENCE D. BAKER, A. B.
Superintendent
INDIANA UNIVERSITY, '18
History, Spanish

"The mind's the measure of the man."

The perfection of Mr. Baker's manners, English, and neckties has deluded many a hapless malefactor into forgetting that he is also somewhat Irish. It has been observed that visitors to the office notwithstanding the warm reception extended to them, scarcely ever care for a second invitation. His knowledge of History, both ancient and modern, is appalling, especially on Monday morning. It is popularly believed that he spends the entire week-end making out disconcerting questions such as: "Identify Reichsdeputationhauptschluss." His favorite diversions are grading history papers, fishing in Carpenter's Creek, and singing in Grand Opera.

HELEN L. KOLB
INDIANA UNIVERSITY
Latin, English, Music

"Much could be said about her, more by her."

And the best part is that she can say it in Latin. Ancient, musty manuscripts in that dead language are a delight to our distinguished teacher. We admire her taste in modern literature, and above all her low, sweet contralto voice that is leading the Glee Club to future fame. We predict great things for our beloved instructor.

The Faculty

FLOYD W. BAER, A. B.
Principal
INDIANA UNIVERSITY, '18
Mathematics, Science, Manual Training

"They are never alone who are accompanied by great thoughts."

When the great scientist, Mr. Edison, needs assistance, we recommend Mr. Baer. His little red notebook is the terror of all mischievous pupils. He spends much of his time in the Domestic Science room, amusing himself with a dishpanful of playthings which is called the Physics Department. Notwithstanding the evenness of temper which is one of Mr. Baer's most notable characteristics, he is capable occasionally of sarcastic remarks calculated to cause even Rollie to shake in his shoes.

PHA HOOVER
PURDUE
Domestic Science, English

"Ye Gods! but she is wondrous fair."

"To serve the present age" is Miss Hoover's aim—and she succeeds. Not only do her pies and cakes bring cheer and comfort, but her very appearance, in crisp white, is like a ray of sunshine on a dreary day. Her greatest accomplishment is wiggling her chin. She would be perfectly happy if she could only train Miss Kolb to walk faster, and they'd let her teach Freshman Algebra.

Seniors

DORIS ROSAMOND HICKS

"The glass of fashion, the mold of form,
The observed of all observers."

Secretary-Treasurer; Glee Club; Pianist; "Touch-Down"; Business Manager "Mirror."

Doris is a most valuable member of our class, always ready to answer the questions of which we know nothing. Simplicity is one of her most charming traits. Too, her ability to use the largest words in the dictionary has won for her the admiration of the lower classes.

CLARENCE EUGENE KELLY

"We are all born for love."

Alumni Editor "Mirror"; Football.

He always translates in the Spanish class, when he is called upon—with, help by others. His disposition is somewhat different from others of the class of '20. We do appreciate having someone ever ready to receive favorably, friendly advances. He made another husky fellow for our line in the football team, too—when he wasn't disabled. And it's worth coming to chorus just to hear him sing the last four notes of "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

ANNE MARGUERITTE ROADES

"The multitude is always in the wrong."

Editor-in-chief "Mirror"; Glee Club.

We would miss her decisiveness were we to lose her—and a shake from a bobbed head is so impressive! It really is quite a blessing to us to have one member of our class who can quickly absorb a slight understanding of a subject—usually during another recitation. And regarding her music—undoubtedly, she keeps several other contraltos from getting noticeably out of tune.

CHARLES RUSSELL JOHNSTON

"A good bluff is rather to be chosen than hard study."

President; Football; Baseball; Basketball; Associate Editor "Mirror."

We think a great deal of this president of ours. He has had considerable ill-luck the past two years, notably the "flu," and getting his ankle sprained in a basket-ball game. He is ever ready to perform any service he may, works incessantly even if it isn't always studying.

MARJORY FLORENCE HASCALL

"Frailty! Thy name is woman!"

Glee Club; Senior Editor "Mirror"; "Touch-Down."

It is evident that Shakespeare wrote this quotation expressly to be used here. Certainly there never was a blue-eyed, curly-haired damsel who was more fickle than she. Her English themes are full of spicy interest. We would miss her radiant smile and sparkling wit which keep us all in an excellent humor.

VERN LEROY WILLIAMS

"All great men are dead and I'm not feeling well."

Vice-President; F o o t b a l l; Baseball; Athletic Editor "Mirror"; Basket-ball.

As the shining light of 1920, "Willie" certainly leads. In all athletics he takes a prominent part. In Physics he is ever willing to explain the most difficult machines. Like Solomon he is both wise and otherwise, mostly otherwise.

ALTA PEARLE LUCAS

"A maiden modest, yet self-possessed."

Literary Editor "Mirror"; Glee Club.

There is absolutely no doubt but that we all like and admire this steadfast school friend of ours—and it is so comforting to see her hand go up in answer to some such question as: "Who was the Attic boy?" the rest of us get occupied with shoestrings or searching for a pencil. Her full strong voice lends no doubtful aid to the Glee Club, and she can take tenor beautifully in chorus.

MAX WILLIAM CARPENTER

"We don't want him any longer, he's long enough already."

Joke Editor "Mirror"; Football; "The Touch-Down."

There couldn't be any hesitating about what we mention first in this fellow's makeup—he is our foremost humorist. He's quite a help in a scientific way, too —not only because of his great variety of experience but just his presence is enlivening! The innocent confidence with which he informs us that William Shakespeare was one of the foremost writers of the 18th century would melt a heart of stone.

Senior Class History

In September of 1916, twenty-one boys and girls presented themselves for enrollment in the Freshman class of Remington High School. We were seated by Mr. Twineham in the southeast assembly room together with the Sophomores who, although very superior, condescended to enumerate for our benefit some of the rules and regulations.

After a little of the green had worn off and the upper classes had held their regular class meetings, the Freshmen proceeded to organize. Robert Little was chosen president; Charley Johnston, vice-president; Doris Hicks, secretary and treasurer, and our colors, lavender and white. Immediately the class scraps began, but after about a week died down; and as soon as our first wienie roast was over we settled down to hard work on Latin, Algebra, Botany and English with a little Domestic Science, Manual Training, Music and Drawing thrown in as extras.

When we had been going to school about two months, we came to school one morning to find our books all moved and Mr. Twineham waiting for us in the hall. The new assembly room had just been completed and we were to begin our work in it that morning. For once the Freshmen were not the only ones who gazed about them wondering where to go. Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors all wandered about together with one common object in view—to find their respective places. However, soon all was reorganized and the work went on smoothly. Before the term was over we had lost five of our members, one leaving town and four concluding they did not like Freshman life.

When we came back to school again it was with the privileges of Sophomores. We, of course, had the green spectacles we had received from the last year's Senior class and if we had thought we were very bright, when the Freshman class began to arrive we found them a much brighter green. This year we had two new teachers who, to all appearances, considered us as a hopeless case, for they both left before the term was over. We now studied Caesar, Algebra, Geometry, English and History.

We changed our colors to red and white and selected the American Beauty rose as our class flower.

By this time we had lost five more members. Three of these seemingly prefered Freshman life to Sophomore for they had stayed behind at the beginning of the term. This year closed for us with nothing more exciting than the final exams.

Our Junior year opened with a great obstacle to overcome. We had four new teachers to get acquainted with, which, however, proved not such a difficult task as we had expected. With the new teachers came a new subject—Spanish. The Juniors had the privilege of taking this along with their other subjects, Geometry, History, and English. The girls also took Domestic Science and although the class was small in numbers, did some quite effective work along the line of cooking. This year four of our members took part in the High School Play. In addition to our other work the second semester we began planning a way to raise the money for the Junior-Senior banquet.

About three weeks before school was out we began active work on a Carnival. Within two weeks, with the aid of the other classes, we had prepared what was to be the most successful Carnival ever put on by Remington. On Saturday evening, May 17, 1919, at the time set for the beginning of performances, the old school building was swarming with people all very anxious to spend their money. When the money was counted it was found that we had taken in about $133. The final exams were given the last week of school and Commencement and everything that goes with it were held the following week. Almost the entire week was spent by the Juniors in decorating, as each function was held at a different place and it fell to our lot to decorate each place in its turn. At last, however, everything was over and we had three months to rest before starting in at books again.

At last we are Seniors! How different the assembly room looked when we came back to it the fourth year. We had the privilege of sitting in the seats nearest the windows and of course many times yielded to the temptation of looking out of them and dreaming dreams, not of such common things as Physics, Spanish, English and History. This year there are only eight of us left out of the twenty-one Freshmen. About the middle of the first term we started plans to put out an Annual and from those plans materialized "The Mirror." We expect to continue our work together until Commencement time, then go each of us our own way to—it's hard to tell where.

ALTA LUCAS, '20.

The Seniors Class Boast

Our class of 1920 is certainly a "peach"—we admit it. For one thing we have the tallest boy in school. It is not generally known that the popular song, "Long Boy" was written in fond remembrance of him. When this was sung by Charley in all his natural elegance and simplicity, his physiognomy looked so prodigiously bewitching in his genuine "turtle" shell-rimmed glasses that all the ladies fell in love with him and the song immediately became popular.

We also have a real Irishman who is not at all bad looking. The "sunshine of his smile" is ubiquitary. With a desperate looking black mustache he would make a stunning policeman.

Next perhaps is "Wee Willie Winkie," who has the most beautiful wavy hickory-nut colored hair! When his mamma gets it curled he looks so cunning; but alas! he hates the women worse than—we'll say great balls of fire.

"Fair Rosamond" is the most dignified girl in school. She looks that way even when she is pushing a lawn mower; now who but one of our class could do such a thing as this? Her nickname is "Cherie," which is French for some pet name that the boys hate to say in public.

Another notable member of our class we call "Just Patty." She had her hair cut off last year and in a few months' time she developed so much brain that it immediately pushed her hair out until she now has enough to keep her from having earache.

Then there is Alta, who is plump and sweet and hard to beat. She has rosy cheeks that are the same color all the time and never look unduly flushed. Her resonant alto forms a "firm foundation" for the Glee club. Some day we expect her to be in grand opera as she already has mastered the songs, "These Bones Shall Rise Again" and "Turkey in the Straw."

Then, gentle reader, there is the writer of this eulogy, but that sweet, shy, modesty which is my chief characteristic, prevents me from saying anything about my charms, which are too well known to need mention, anyway.

—MARJORY HASCALL, '20.

Class Will

We, the Seniors of 1920, about to "cash in," do hereby make our last will and testament.

First: Though they are too busy to appreciate it very much, we leave to the industrious Juniors the beautiful landscape view, visible from the Senior pews.

Second: Unto next year's Freshies, we leave the total remainder of the Senior class treasury, which at present date consists of one (1) Canadian dime, one (1) buffalo nickel, four (4) pennies—including a Lincoln, and one ticket to a masquerade held at the Methodist church last October.

Third: To next year's Sophomores, we entrust the painful job of spreading shoe-blacking on the prospective Freshies.

Fourth: To the all-wise and dignified next year's Juniors, we entrust the precedent of granting the poor Freshies their aid.

Fifth: To next year's Seniors, we leave the task of appearing wise and dignified, whether they are or not—of course we except Bobby H., who shall naturally be favored with a seat at the head of the class.

Sixth: To Mr. Baer, we extend his privilege of pressing his coat on a radiator.

Seventh: To Mr. Baker we give and devise all the copies of Current Events he can find on the playground east of the school building.

Eighth: To Miss Hoover we grant the exclusive privilege of using the elevator when journeying from the first to the third floor.

Ninth: To Miss Kolb we transfer the copyrights on all the sonnets we have written this year, to use as she sees fit.

Tenth: To Mr. Hawkins we entrust all rights pertaining to the use of the bell rope.

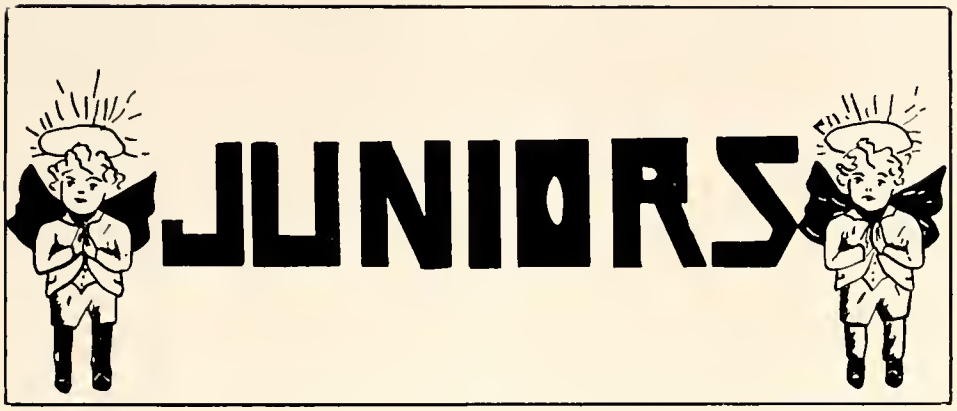
Eleventh: Finally, to the entire high school, we give, devise, and bequeath the fond memory of the most illustrious class that has ever adorned her halls.

(Signed) VERN WILLIAMS
This 26th day of February, A. D. 1920.

Witnesses:
LEONA A. C. LEHE,
RALPH TAULMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 26th day of February, 1920 A. D.
Notorious Republican, LOWELL JONES.
My commission expires May 26, 1922.

JUNIOR CLASS



Class Roll

Lowell Spangle .....President

Paul Banes.....Vice-president

Helen Parker.....Secretary-Treasurer

Paul Banes

Merrill Cummons

Esther Edwards

Lola Elmore

Vesta Farabee

Robert Hascall

Mary Harris

Oressa Julien

Vernon Julien

Gertrude Kelly

Cecelia Kellner

Leona Lehe

Robert Little

Ernest McGlynn

Violet Mote

Helen Parker

Madge Puckett

Cecile Rawlings

Tillie Reed

Lowell Spangle

Dorothy Stokes

Junior Class History

Our Junior class began its career in the fall of 1917. Full of enthusiasm we gathered in the assembly room thirty strong on the morning of September tenth. Some, in their new-felt pride as high school students, walked boldly about, discussing their new work and teachers. Others, the more timid of our own grade class and those coming from other schools, quietly took their seats and waited the proceedings with great anxiety.

The class was soon organized, and the following officers were chosen: Thomas Porter, president; Lloyd Jones, vice-president; and Oressa Julien, secretary and treasurer. Our first social event was a wienie roast which served the purpose of making us all better acquainted. Not unlike other classes, perhaps, we were all convinced that our class was a truly remarkable one. The conviction was borne out by the fact, partially at least, that during that term there was not an athletic enterprise that did not count among its leaders at least one Freshman. It was the Freshman, Lloyd Jones, who at the critical moment in that memorable color scrap of 1917, took the initiative that animated all our followers and turned the most fierce field engagement into an undisputed victory for the Junior-Freshman alliance.

Our accomplishments were not all athletic, however; from the start we settled down to work and made good records in all our classes. Our Freshman year was not all sunshine, however; we lost our Algebra and Latin teacher, Mrs. Anderson, early in the term which caused some change in the teaching force. Near the close of the term Miss Larrick also left us. This second change handicapped us somewhat but we managed to cover all of our work. There was also some change in class leadership. At the close of the first semester, Thomas Porter withdrew and Lowell Spangle was elected president, Lloyd and Oressa not changing office.

The second year brought to our school an entirely new faculty, Mr. Baker, Mr. Baer, Miss Kolb, and Miss Hoover. We were making good progress under their instruction when we received a severe set-back in the form of a six weeks' vacation on account of the influenza epidemic. Oressa was not with the class this year and Helen Parker was elected as our new secretary. We gained, however, one new member, Madge Puckett, who was to honor our class greatly during the year. During the last semester, much to our delight, a class in Public Speaking was introduced in which nearly the entire Sophomore class was enrolled. A "bone-head" spelling class was also organized under Mr. Baker during that semester. Near the close of the term several Sophomores took part in a high school Carnival, which proved to

be one of the most enjoyable as well as profitable entertainments our school ever offered. Three of our members had parts in the school play, "The Touch-Down."

In our Junior year we organized with a membership of twenty-one: seventeen who had been with the class during our two years in high school, and four new ones. The class colors were changed to green and white and the white carnation was adopted as our class flower. Early in the term we enjoyed two large wienie-roasts. We soon began making plans for the annual Junior-Senior Banquet. Now as we close our third year we are eagerly looking forward to the year when we as Seniors may wear the cap and gown.

—LOWELL SPANGLE, '21.

Junior Class Roast

The Junior class roast was held the second week of school on Thursday evening, between rains, with the high school faculty as chaperons. Almost the entire class attended, all meeting at the Library. Three cars packed full set out, each driver thinking that one of the others had the honorable "Bobbie." But when we got to the Taylor school house we found that we had left "Bobbie" in town. Immediately a car was sent back after him. There on the Library steps patiently waiting, sat "Bobbie," holding the kerosene can.

By the time the rescue party returned the fire was burning and all were busy "feeding their faces." While a few were getting a drink at the well a ghost appeared before them, but soon disappeared down the road towards a farm house.

Cecelia had been the thoughtful one and brought watermelons, so that we could wash our faces after having eaten a "superfluous redundancy." Next the marshmallows were applied as a substitute for powder. After this elaborate toilet had been completed and the teachers' head gear located, we started for home; and, notwithstanding the fact that two cars made the return trip by Wolcott, everyone got back at a respectable hour.

—HELEN PARKER, '21.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomores

Class Roll

Boyd Banes.....President
Golda Hafey.....Vice-president
Lowell Jones.....Secretary-Treasurer

Anna Alberts
Edna Baier
Boyd Banes
Eunice Brand
Gladys Carlile
Hazel Culp
Willard Gillam
Thelma Harper
Frances Johnston
Esther Jones
Nellie Blake
Lowell Jones
Golda Hafey
Clifford Zimmerman
Marion Meadal
Clarice Moss
Lloyd Payne
Bessie Reed
Fred Richcreek
Ruth Spencer
Ralph Taulman
Elnora Townsend
Bernice Wortley
Fleta Teter
Hattie Wooden
Mary Lewis

Sophomore Class History

One September morning in the year of 1918, the old building which for one short summer had been left in quiet solitude, was again suddenly brought back to life, as a joyous, fun-loving crowd of pupils entered its doors.

There were some in the crowd who seemed very much at home and laid out the law to everyone within hearing and who by their very walk and tilt of the head were easily distinguished as the feared and haughty Seniors. At least it appeared to have that effect on many lads and lasses, commonly known as Freshmen, all of whom were standing around in some corner, where they thought they would not be noticed, with their eyes and ears wide open trying in vain to imitate every action of the upper classmen.

Finally school was called to order and after some difficulty and much embarrassment the Freshmen found their class rooms and were given their first assignments in the studies they had talked of with wonder in the grades. Then, too, there were the new teachers, who though probably very nervous themselves, proceeded at once to instill with awe the pupils who at once solemnly resolved that their good times were over and now indeed they must work night and day.

After a few days the class meeting was held and by this time some of the braver had found there was some chance for a good time after all. Cornelius Dexter was elected president of the class, one of the largest ever entering R. H. S.; Tommy Porter, vice-president, and Golda Hafey, secretary and treasurer. The colors selected were royal purple and white. At once the color fight began and in this, the Freshies seemed to lose all their timidity and could fight for their rights as well as anyone else. So it happened that one morning when school took up, high above the school house on the flag-pole floated the Freshman colors and those of their allies, the Juniors all topped with the star spangled banner. Every Freshman's heart filled with pride and it seemed that at least the class was put on the map.

From this time on things fairly flew. The "green" feeling gradually seemed to disappear and the class to feel more at home. The Latin class felt so elated and pleased when they were at last able to speak a little Latin that they could not understand when telling the Sophs how delightful they must find Caesar that all they all they would say was, "Wait till next year." Of course it was found that Algebra was not quite as simple as the A B C's and that there were a few more things to be learned in English. Best of all though was General Science! It was a new subject in the curriculum and the Freshmen fully appreciated their ability to tell something to the Sophs

and Juniors that they didn't already know and could sympathize with the Seniors as they struggled through Physics (practically the same thing). Too, the Freshmen managed to get in on most of the side lines such as Domestic Science, Manual Training, Glee Club and "bonehead" English class and did not fail to receive honorable mention in each.

The Latin class also started something that caused quite a little excitement in the high school, in publishing the "Argus," a Latin paper. It was printed weekly by different members of the class and posted in the hallway every Monday morning where there was always a crowd waiting to see if their name was in the paper.

About a month before the holidays school was suddenly closed on account of the "flu" and there was about six weeks vacation. It was appreciated but took some hard work afterwards to make up what had been missed. The Latin class gave a play which caused a good deal of fun even if the listeners did have to admit that they didn't understand much of it.

The rest of the year was a mad rush, school closed with a bang, and the school was again vacated for three long (?) months.

The summer vacation soon passed and once again the same old bunch, with the exception of a few liking the Freshman year well enough to take it over, found themselves in the second row of seats and heard themselves called Sophs.

This year Boyd Banes was elected president; Golda Hafey, vice-president, and Lowell Jones, secretary and treasurer. The roast and color fight were held as usual as well as many other class activities.

As far as work was concerned, the Freshman year seemed mere child-play beside the long dreary hours spent on the studies this year, and much encouragement was given to the Freshman as to what they had to look forward to. The Argus was revised, an Argus staff formed, printing press secured, and printed on a much larger scale than before. The "Mirror" staff seemed to realize what literary genius we had shown and made good use of us (which accounts, of course, for the success of the "Mirror").

It did not take long for the year to pass, though the next year may hold many things in store, the first two years can never be forgotten, nor the pleasures of high school be complete without them.

—FRANCES JOHNSTON, '22.

Sophomore Wienie Roast

The Sophomores, with Caroline Carpenter, whom the president of the class had invited as a guest, and Miss Kolb, the chaperon, met in the Remington Park at half past seven in the evening of a Friday early in September, and then walked from there to the cliff of Fountain Park.

It was almost dark when we arrived there. Suddenly somebody said, "We are being surrounded by automobiles!" We all though that someone was trying to play a joke on us—probably the Freshmen. Nevertheless our hearts beat a trifle faster as we perceived several boys approaching us. They proved, however, to be some other high school pupils, who were also having a wienie roast.

We built our fire on the cliff, and after roasting the marshmallows and wienies, which we ate with buns and pickles, we sat around the fire and told stories and sang songs, while some of the braver spirits ventured out to inspect the old burying ground. About half past nine we started back to town, beguiling the way by singing "Today is Monday," and other classical ballads. We stopped for a short time at Wooden's, where "Gissie" entertained us with his inimitable rendition of "Solomon Levi." When we finally reached town, we were certainly ready for a night's rest.

—EDNA BAIER, '22.

* * *

Pa (roaring with rage)—"Who told you to put that paper on the wall?"
Decorator—"Your wife, sir."
Pa (subsiding)—"Pretty, isn't it."

"That tenor of ours has a wonderful voice. He can hold one of his notes for half a minute."
"That's nothing, I held one of his notes for two years."

* * *

F. W. B.—"Now Robert, what plants flourish on excessive heat?"
Robert—"Ice plants."

* * *

Sammy—"Over in America we got a lilac bush fifty feet high."
Tommy—"I wish I could lilac that."

The Real Editors
"Jingle, Bells!"
The Power Behind the Throne
Kittens
Dwarfs
"Yum! Yum!"
Nice Kitty!
A.E.F.
"Open your mouth and shut your eyes—
Peek-a-boo!
Help!

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

THOSE LITTLE FRESHIES

lawrence o'connor.....president
emery kenyon.....vice-president
anna hensler.....secretary-treasurer

CLASS ROLL

helena alberts
elsie blake
caroline carpenter
william casey
emma christianson
leona dickinson
clara dluzak
lorene dluzak
verne durbin
catherine dunn
arthur emerson
cyril forry
alberta geier
anna hensler
vane howard
emil johnston
leona kelly
emery kenyon
adrian lehe
luther lucas
myron meglynn
mary mitchell
lawrence o'connor
katherine parsons
grace porter
moscelyn sharkey
lola stokes
rollie turner
clifford weir
evelyn woods

Freshman Class History

Thirty-one Freshmen were present the first day of school. The next day Helen Pickering dropped out. We now had eighteen who had struggled through the eighth grade under Miss Lambert's guidance; four from the Parochial School, five from rural schools and three who were Freshmen the year before. About four weeks after school had started, Alva Spangle moved to Terre Haute where he is continuing his education. This left a Freshman class of twenty-nine.

The first day in Algebra class we all thought it great fun. We found that each one of the a-b-c's had a hidden meaning. English was easier but we secretly decided that we had had enough of the English language in the grades. Latin was the best of all. But we all laughed at everything Miss Kolb said, for it was all so queer. General Science was like nothing we had ever had and we certainly received some new ideas in this subject.

The boys are very thankful that the girls take cooking for they surely do feel very empty at times. On the other hand, the girls are glad that the boys take Manual Training for with them in the room adjoining it is handier to deliver the "eats" to them.

At first the Freshmen were all very quiet and seemed much awed by their dignified teachers. After about six weeks of school, however, we began to feel more at home, and "Mickey" Emerson could sleep just as comfortably in Algebra class as he could if he had been at home in his little bed.

When we organized as the class of '23, Laurence O'Conner was elected president; Emery Kenyon, vice-president, and Anna Hensler, secretary and treasurer. Royal purple and old gold were chosen as the most suitable colors.

—LEONA DICKINSON, '23.

Wienie Roast

Fords seemed to be scarce when the Freshmen had their roast; but three cars, driven by Clifford Wier, "Casey" Dexter and Vane Howard, managed to transport thirty of them, as well as Miss Hoover and Miss Kolb, to Porter's woods. "Casey" was so unfortunate as to collide with the Moline-Knight, smashing the top about two dollars' worth, but no other casualties were reported. We thought we were going to have another thrill when the owner of the property appeared on the scene, but he only wanted to warn us to be careful about the fire, as the trees were dry.

The boys finally got a roaring fire started, and a supply of forked sticks cut, while the girls industriously unwrapped the provisions; and it was not long before the wienies, marshmallows, and faces were all about the same appetizing shade of brown. Some say that "Mickey" even ate an olive, but this report has never been confirmed.

On the way home, "Casey's" car turned off towards Rensselaer, so of course the rest had to follow. Somehow we got scattered on the road, and when Clifford was located again, it was discovered that the lights on his machine were "dead." That only helped, however, to give "atmosphere" to the ghost stories with which Elsie Blake entertained the crowd. Leona Kelly proved the most satisfactory audience imaginable, and always said "Oo—oh" in the right place.

Remington appeared to be fast asleep when the three machines rolled up in front of the Library again, but woke it up for a few minutes with a rousing cheer for "1923." After that, the crowd scattered quickly, and by eleven-thirty, even the Moline-Knight was peacefully reposing under its own room.

—LEONA KELLY, '23.

Our High School Roast

On a beautiful October evening, between seventy-five and ninety per cent of the high school were in front of the Library at eight o'clock. All who could, piled into some six or eight machines and went to the Price school house, northwest of town. Some of the machines returned after a second load while the first ones out, instructed by Mr. Baer, made the fire. And of the wienies, and the marshmallows, and the buns, and pickles—there is no such record in the past. We ate and ate till we could eat no more. Somehow, it has never been just exactly explained, something got into some of the sandwiches that the Senior girls had made for Mr. Baker and Mr. Baer. Mr. Baker warned Misses Kolb and Hoover but it didn't affect them. Finally one of the Senior girls apologized, then the others owned up. When all the "eats" had been eaten or disposed of in some way (because many buns had been used in imitating Golduh Stubbins throwing bricks) the cars filled up and started in various directions and most of us arrived home between eleven or twelve P. M.

—MADGE PUCKETT, '21.

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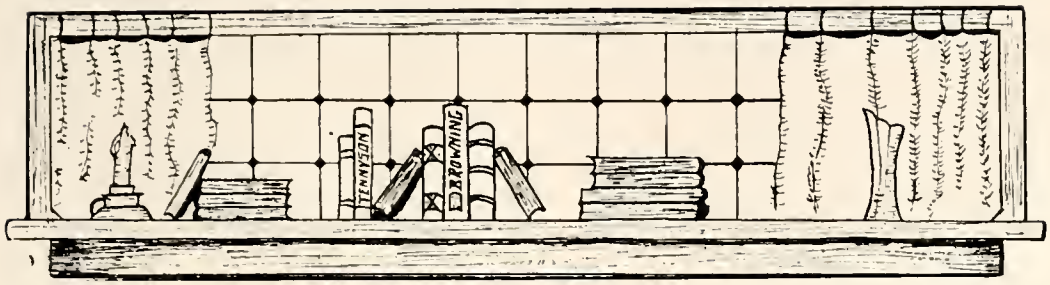
"The Boss"
Gissie
Mr. Hullabaloo
"Oh, Rollie!"
Saturday
Sunday
"Smile, Miss Hoover"
Apologies to Clarence F. Underwood
"Can't you hear me, callin', Caroline?"



Her Picture

It was a dull, dreary day in April. Fred Sherman sat in his shack feeling similar to the day. His shack was very dreary looking also. In one corner on a table was a stack of dirty dishes. The floor was in need of a good sweeping. Clothes, books, magazines and newspapers were scattered from one end to the other of the room. He had just finished up all his tobacco and was debating on whether to go to town in order to get some more when he noticed a man coming on horseback. As the man drew nearer he recognized one of the men living on a neighboring ranch about thirteen miles away.

"Hello! What're you so blue about. Look like you have been deserted by your best friend. I was just agoing to town and thought I'd bring your paper that got mixed in our mail some way or other," said the man.

"Well, I was just wondering about going to town myself to get some tobacco as my supply is exhausted but since you are going, if it won't be any trouble you might get me some," answered Fred.

"Not a bit, not a bit of trouble."

"Well, I will read my paper while you are gone. Thanks for bringing the paper."

"It's nothing. You'd done the same thing. Well, I'm off," he called, leaving Fred to return to the shack to read his paper.

Sitting down in the easiest chair and propping his feet high in the air on the table he opened the paper. At first he found nothing of interest, but suddenly his feet came down with a thud.

"Well, so Mildred James did marry Roy May. What should I care! He was a sap-head and she will be. I thought I cared for her but I always was a dunce. No, I'm not jealous. I'll show them."

Laying his paper aside he muttered, "To think—just three years ago. It seems hundreds that Dad took me out of college. Well, he had to, because ministers have to be pretty strict and I was a wild one."

Picking up the paper his attention was turned to the personals. "Such slush. What idiot would expect to get a wife that way. But, hang it,—it would be fun—. I could get out of it easy enough—by George, here goes!"

"Oh dear! at last my prayers have been answered. Why, here is the most charming article I ever read in the Chicago American," said Mildred

Jones, a spinster of about thirty-five. That dear chap shan't be lonesome any more. I will answer it right away."

So it happened that a short time later Fred received a very interesting letter, part of which read as follows: "I am young, considered good looking. I have had several suitors but seeing your ad in the paper I thought it would be so romantic to answer it."

"Ah! so she's a real sport. Wonder what her folks would say. Guess she will do so far. I'll rush back and answer."

After corresponding for some time Fred asked for her picture. "Then I'll know what I'm getting in looks. She writes awfully interesting letters, as if she had a good education."

"Well, I guess I got him for sure. He writes in his letters like he is simply wild to have my picture, but dear, what shall I do? It will never do to send him mine. That would be the end of it. No, let me see; there is Miss Patricia, she's such a pretty thing and would never know I sent her picture. Might write a proposal right off the bat. When I have accepted and got is too poor to come all this way to propose. When I have accepted and got his promise he'll have to marry me." With this Mildred sent Patricia's picture.

"Mysterious looking parcel here for you besides a letter from that girl you write to so much," said the postmaster, handing them to Fred. "Might show us her picture. Don't look so innocent. It isn't your sister 'cause you said you didn't have any." Fred opened it up and looked at it, then showed it to the postmaster.

"Whew! a swell damsel. Good looking. Curly hair. Those eyes. They are brown, I'll bet. All the guys will be green with envy. Say, is there any more from where you came like her?"

"Yes, probably plenty. Well, I must be going. I am leaving this country for a short time on business."

"On business, huh? Success to you."

"Is Miss Mildred Jones home?" Fred asked as he presented his card. Mildred was in, so he was led to the library. Just then a young lady entered the room.

Fred jumped up, hat in hand: "Are you Miss Mildred Jones? No? Well you must be her twin sister then. You sure do look alike," he stammered a little embarrassed.

"No, I have no sisters," she replied in surprise. "Mildred is a servant here. How funny you see such a close resemblance that you can't tell us apart. We have never been told we looked alike before," laughed Patricia and turning noticed Mildred in the door about ready to faint.

"Oh dear, I might have known luck was against me," she moaned. "But young man, you surely are not lonesome with all your youth. Luck has always been against me. I sent Miss Patricia's picture," she said, turning to her mistress. "You did not care, did you? I guess you'll both have to forgive me for such doings." With this she left the room.

"Sorry I made the mistake, Miss. Well, I must be going." Just then he caught sight of a picture. Did his eyes deceive him? No, it was Mildred James."

"Oh, do you know Mildred?" asked Patricia in hopes that he would stay a little longer.

"I should say I do! She was one of my best pals in school ever since we were in the grades. But do you mean to tell me you are the little Patty O'Reilly that used to visit Mildred?"

"I guess I am. You certainly have changed since then. I remember you for one thing especially. You pulled my hair because I wouldn't walk with Roy May. I suppose you know that Mildred married Roy not so very long ago."

"Yes, I read it in the paper."

"Say, did that funny lady that gave us some flowers ever say anything more about it to your father? We really ought to have been ashamed to pick the pretty ones and then knock and ask for more."

"She never said a word. Really, I was afraid she would. Just after you went home that time I hit one of her chickens and killed it and she was a brick about it. She said, 'Boys will be boys, and preachers' sons bad boys,' but we got to be good friends."

"What ever became of the little boy that lived around the corner and came over to Mildred's so much?"

"Do you mean the little Jew? Well, they moved away some time ago. I was rather glad of it, because every time I went to call on Mildred in the afternoon he was there in the way." The conversation continued.

"I must be going. I didn't realize it was so late. I was having such a good time thinking of years back. Don't you feel rather old at times?"

"Do stay for tea. I would so enjoy having you and I'm sure my mother would be pleased to meet you."

With this Fred stayed for tea.

"I suppose I won't get to see you for a while," said Fred, when taking his leave, "as I start back for the west sometime tomorrow."

"You aren't going so soon, are you? Why, you haven't seen the city yet. I would like to show the sights to you."

"I would like to stay very much and as I have nothing to hurry back to, I'll just take you at your word and stay a day or two longer. I really wanted to and now having you along to tell me the history of everything, will certainly make the town interesting."

Just a month later, Fred again drank tea with Patricia. But this time they talked not of the past, but of the future.

"Suppose," said he, "since we have viewed this place for a month together we leave on the 3:10 train tomorrow afternoon to view the West together forever?"

—HELEN PARKER, '21.

BOOKS WE ALL KNOW

"The Three Guardsmen".....Wier, Chaunce and Willie
"Freckles" .....Madge
"Les Miserables".....The Flunkers
"The Return of the Native".....Julie
"The Terror".....'Shirt" Payne
"Merry Men".....Musty and Polly
"The Rivals".....Frances and Golda
"Studies in Hearts".....Tops and Banesy
"The Four Million".....School Rules
"A Pair of Blue Eyes".....Marge
"Great Expectations".....Before Exams
"Hard Times".....Afterwards
"The Faerie Queen".....Verne Durbin
"Little Women".....Gertrude K. and Mary M.
"Webster's Unabridged".....Spink
"The Three Musketeers".....Reg, My, and Mick.
"Wee Willie Winkie".....Vern
"The Choir Invisible".....Boys' Glee Club.
"The Crisis".....85 in Deportment
"One Way Out".....Through the Library Door
"The Girl of My Dreams'.....Too Personal
"Twice Told Tales".....'I Don't Know" and "Our Clock was Slow"
"The Promised Land".....Commencement
"The Heart Breakers".....All Girls

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

"I have a question".....Bobby
"Say, Miss K-o-l-b".....Spink
"That cost me".....Eak
"I don't know".....Loppy
"May I speak?".....Cecile
"'Cele an' me".....Tillie
"That's just what I was tellin' Clarence".....Gertrude
"Wha'd I make—'bout 40?".....Gladys C.
"Can yuh beat it?".....Jake
"What's my class grade?".....Hazel C.
"I'm going to make a hundred today".....Mary L.

Our School House

Our school house is a two-story brick building of nine rooms. It was erected in 1889 and has been repaired and improved several times since. Of course, there is a basement where the Manual Training shop and Domestic Science laboratory are placed; besides the janitor's own private office. On the lower floor the primary children begin their journey on the road of learning. The grammar grades and the high school are on the second floor. The class rooms and science laboratory are there too.

The present Assembly room was built in the summer of 1916. In it there is room for seating about one hundred people. At the back of the room the school library is kept, usually in disorder, where a book may be found without wasting any time. Across the front of the room a stage has been built for occasional amateur theatricals but principally to give the presiding teacher a good view of the whole room. The most enjoyable feature of the Assembly room is the long row of big windows on the east side where the worthy Seniors sit and indulge in occasional fits of laughter at the acrobatic stunts pulled off in the adjoining pasture.

—MARGUERITTE ROADES, '20.

Finding a Husband for Aunty

It was a hot, sultry day in July and Annice Johnston finding it too hot in the house, took a book and went to the orchard, seated herself in the hammock, and started to read.

Somehow the book was not at all interesting, so laying it aside she wandered down to the brook. On the bank lay a bottle, and a happy thought struck her.

Back to the house she flew for a pencil and paper. Now, for some fun, thought she. On returning she wrote for about ten minutes, then, reading it over to see if it suited her, she put it in the bottle, corked it tightly and threw it in the creek.

About a week later Jack Frederick, a young farmer, was standing on the bank of the same creek, only ten miles down stream. He had been working in the field and had come to drink of the cool, clear water. Just as he leaned over the bank his eye caught sight of a bottle with a paper in it. Taking it out he read:

"Miss Lillian Anson, Pekin, Illinois.—I am a young lady quite rich and lonesome. I have brown eyes and hair and am quite good-looking. Won't you come play with me? Finder please return to Clermont street."

"Just for fun I'll do it," said Mr. Jack to himself. So that afternoon he started for Pekin. He arrived at the given address. His courage almost failed him as he mounted the big white steps.

But he decided if she was "sport" enough to write it, he was sport enough to answer. In answer to his ring a woman with a sharp pointed nose, piercing gray eyes, and hair that had once been brown came to the door.

"Good afternoon. Is Miss Anson—Miss Lillian Anson, in?" asked Jack.

"Yes sir, I'm Lillian Anson. What will you have, sir?"

Poor Jack! he turned red then pale, not knowing what to do.

"Well sir," said Miss Lillian, "I've no time to stand here, explain your business and be quick or my pie will burn. Is it books you have? If it is be gone for I've enough trash reading here, that Annice brought from the city."

As he put his hand in his pocket it came in contact with a cook-book that a neighbor woman had given to give to a friend in town.

Miss Lillian noticed the movement and bang! the door was shut in his face. Annice on the other side of the porch had been rolling in mirth, but now feeling rather sorry for him, she came forward. "Aunty hates book agents worse than snakes, sir, so you will have to excuse her. Is there anything I can do for you?"

The thing was clear to Jack now, he saw who had played the trick, and his quick thought saved him.

"Why yes, madam. I have a very good cook-book that I am selling. It has all the newest dishes, the best recipes there are, good binding, large

print and there are some very good war dishes. I'm sure you need one."

Annice very much taken back, for she thought this young man had found her note, told Jack she would take a book.

"Thank, you, madam. I'll bring your copy to-morrow afternoon and I'm sure you will like it."

The next afternoon Jack returned with the cook book. He and Annice had a pleasant chat. But Annice, who had found no interesting young men in Pekin, was wondering how she could get him to return.

After he had left she found his name and address in the front of the book. She thought the name seemed familiar, at least she had heard it a good many times, so she decided to ask her aunt about it.

"Why, sakes alive, child, don't you know? That is Jack Frederick, a rich young farmer who lives about ten miles from town. They say he is a woman-hater and he has cause to be. The way the girls run after him is awful."

Annice saw how Jack had got the best of her so for fun she sent him an invitation to dine with her next day. Annice cooked the dinner herself, using the new cook book.

When Jack came up the steps Annice met him. "Good morning, Mr. Frederick. I thought perhaps you would like to sample some of the new dishes that were in that wonderful cook book."

Mr. Jack said he would and after the dinner was over, and the dishes washed they went for a ride.

After that Jack came to see Annice all summer and when it was almost time for Annice to go back to the city, he told her he would like to sample her cooking for the rest of his life. And Annice agreed to be the cook.

—CLARICE MOSS, '22.

A SONNET

When small-pox broke out in our town,
  The superintendent of school
Thought, to keep from closing down,
  'Twould be wise to make this rule.
When we did feel a little sick,
  To the office we must go,
Although our folks might make a kick,
  Us to the "doc" he'd show.
If this wise doctor he did say
  We symptoms had of cold,
Straight to our homes we must away,
  To pine until we're old.
And so the small-pox, by these means,
  Was kept away,—or so it seems.

—ALTA LUCAS, '20

Jim Hawkins

Mister Jimmie Hawkins 's come to our school house to stay,
An' gather up th' paper, an' build th' fires each day,
An' shoo th' Freshmen off the steps, an' ring th' bells, an' sweep,
An' dust th' desks, an' clean th' boards, an' all th' shop tools keep.
An' all th' little country kids, when their noon lunch is done,
They set aroun' th' eighth-grade room an' has th' leastest fun;
An' dassent go outside th' door, to throw the chalk an' shout;
Fer Jim Hawkins 'll git 'em, if they don't watch out!

He comes over in th' mornin', before there's any day,
An' gits th' school house nice an' warm, while we're still in th' hay.
An' 'nen a little after eight he sounds th' first alarm,
An' all us kids we hike fer school; it has a awful charm.
An' 'nen he pulls th' rope agin; that makes us march along,
'Cause in a haf a minnet, he'll ring th' tardy gong.
An' them what comes in later, better watch what they're about,
Fer Jim Hawkins 'll git 'em, if they don't watch out!

'Nen when he's fixed his fires agin, he helps th' shop boys work,
An' ties their fingers when they're cut, an' sees the kids don't shirk.
An' if he's ever hungry, he knows jist where to go:
Th' cookin' room is near his shop, an' th' class all likes him so,
'Cause he's th' one what ketches mice in traps he's set around,
And maybe saves their life, you know, from some big mouse-bloodhound.
An' feeds him with their cookin', 'till he 'most has got th' gout;
An' their pies 'll git Jim Hawkins, if he don't watch out!

O, we couldn't do without him, this Jim Hawkins man of ours.
Why he even plants our school yard full o' pretty kinds o' flowers.
An' when he rings th' fire gong, we jist step along so spry,
An' don't act smart er cutie, 'cause we know that won't get by.
One time he made a music box without a bit o' fuss,
An' called it "Hawkinola," an' played a tune fer us.
But wunst he clumb a ladder, to paint an' fix about,
An' fell an' broke his arm because Jim Hawkins didn't watch out.

Jim Hawkins ain't no beauty, but his heart's as good as gold.
He allus has a grin fer us, an' never seems to scold.
One time he ketched a awful cold; we thought it was th' flu,
An' fer three days he stayed to home. My! but we did feel blue.
An' lots o' times when we are late, why he'll jist ring an' ring
Until we're all inside th' door—he's good ez any thing!
If we git to th' pearly gates, when Saint Peter ain't about,
I spec's there'll be Jim Hawkins, a standin'—watchin' out.

"Main 9678"

It is a depressing sensation to be in a big city, a stranger, with not a friend among the thousands that throng the streets, battle in the business world, take in amusements or sit around the steam radiator of their city homes. That gnawing feeling at the heart is worse than any other sickness under the sun.

That is just what was ailing Leo Colbert as he sat before the smoldering grate fire in his newly acquired suite at the largest hotel in the city.

Oh, yes, he had won success, he was far on the road to fame and fortune. Somehow as he sat thinking it over, the glamour of it all faded.

"What was success after all? Wasn't I much happier among my friends back home with a salary half the size of my present one?" he mumbled to himself.

Then the germs of homesickness got at their real work. He was strong for it, and the fighting Colbert blood won out. He would make the best of it, you bet he would! Surely in that big city there was someone he knew, someone with a cheery word of welcome and an outstretched hand of friendship.

"What would I give to go to the telephone and call Main 9678, and hear my sister's voice answer! But that number is in another city many miles away," he muttered, "too far to get a speedy long distance message through. Is there a Main 9678 in this city?"

For the lack of something else to do he went to the telephone and tried

the number on the operator. In a few minutes a voice answered:

"Hello!" It was not his sister's voice but it was one almost as sweet.

"Is that you, Jessie?" He knew it wasn't, but he could not hang up the receiver without making a bluff at "a wrong number."

"Yes, who is speaking?" came the surprising answer in an inviting tone.

"Leo Colbert, from back home," he half gasped.

"From Wishright?" she asked quickly.

"You bet," he replied, although he had never heard of Wishright before.

"How are you, Leo?" she inquired, "and how is everybody? I am just dying to hear news from home."

"I'm great and everybody is fine." He seemed just as eager to tell her the news as she was to hear it.

"Is Tiny Lewis alive and how is Martha Blaker's rheumatism? Oh Leo, tell me quickly."

"No, poor Tiny is dead and Martha—"

So on right down the list, she asked questions about people he had never heard of before, and he answered them as if they were life-long friends of his. Of course she thought he was someone else, but he was not going to miss talking to her because of a little thing like that.

"Can't I come up and see you?" he chimed in during a short pause in the questioning. "We can talk things over so much better."

"Certainly, come. Where are you?"

He told her the name of his hotel. It was just a short distance to where she lived, and he would be there in time to take her to the theater.

As Leo stood at the door of the address she had given him, his heart sank a trifle. This Jessie would know at once that he was a stranger to her and would have nothing further to do with him.

Perhaps he was foolish to spoil it all by calling on her personally. That voice had attracted him, and he made up his mind right there that it would take some rebuffing to crush his aspirations for its owner's friendship.

Instead of turning him away, there she was at the door with an outstretched hand, and her smile of welcome was more wonderful than her voice.

"You have changed almost as much as I have," she told him. "I would hardly have known you."

"You have changed, too," he smiled back, "but I would have known you anywhere. Oh, Jessie, you are too wonderful for anything."

Cleverly he avoided topics that might unmask him. She was interested in other things beside the old folks at home. They spent a most enjoyable evening, and he left with an invitation to come again.

It was a strange courtship they launched out on. After he had been calling on Jessie for three months, Leo realized that he was very much in love with her. Her friendship had filled so much of his life that he had no chance to think over the deception he had been playing, but now that he reached the point where he was going to ask her to become his wife the

thought troubled him. After all was it he that Jessie loved, if she did love? Was it not another Leo in whose person he had masqueraded who had won his affections? The thought of a rival worried him.

If the other fellow won out he would go back to loneliness, back to his life of drudgery—to what he had been pleased to call fame and fortune. Oh, no, he would not. He could not stand it. If Jessie loved this other man, then it was back to the old home city for him—back to his little two-by-four job, with nothing, but hard work and little pay to look forward to. There was only one thing to do—confess to Jessie and leave his fate in her hands.

Jessie listened calmly while he poured out his tale like a repentant school boy. He was almost on his knees to her.

"I have known it all along," she smiled. "I was bluffing too. My name isn't Jessie, and I never heard of Leo Colbert until you told me your name over the telephone. Wishright does not exist, and those people I asked you about and you knew so much about never lived, so far as I know. I was homesick and lonely, too, that night, so I was ready to listen to any voice that had a friendly note in it. It was all in a life-time, I thought, so I let you come. I was terribly afraid at first, but now I know it was all for the best."

"And—there isn't a Leo Colbert that you love?" he asked, hardly able to control himself.

"Oh—yes,—there is," she smiled into his face. "I—am in his arms now."

—TILLIE REED, '21.

GEMS FROM EXAMINATION PAPERS

One of the characteristics of American poetry was general tendencies.

The forum at Rome consisted of little suares of glass stuck into cement.

Crassus paid for Caesar's political cahmpagne.

Cerberus was a food substance eaten by the Gods.

Domestic Science Department

The Domestic Science Department occupies a large room on the east side of the basement of the school building. The desks are arranged so as to form three sides of a quadrangle and each is supplied with all the necessary utensils used in any kind of cooking. They will accommodate fifteen girls. The first part of the term was spent in canning various fruits and vegetables and making jellies, while later on we learned to make pies, cookies, cakes, breads, ice cream, doughnuts and puddings. The faculty is always willing to help us by tasting the finished products and even eating them—if they cannot be disposed of in any other way. The manual training boys have even been known to assist along this line. The last, and perhaps the most enjoyable part of the course is that on serving. The girls take turns acting as hostess and maids, with various favored members of the faculty as their guests.

The Junior Domestic Science class has been successful in conducting one market exclusively by themselves and later with the aid of the Freshman class. The funds of these markets will be used to buy some useful article for the Domestic Science room. Already a number of pieces of china and silver, as well as an ice cream freezer have been purchased in this way.

—MARY HARRIS, '21.

His Rose Lady

As Mr. Humboldt, general manager of Humboldt & Guilds, sat at his desk one evening near closing time, he suddenly became aware of a feminine figure standing beside him. Looking up, his eyes met those of a rather tall, slender lady.

"Good evening," said Mr. Humboldt, "is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, sir," she responded, "I have here a letter for you."

Mr. Humboldt took the letter and read it; and in a few seconds said, "Ah! I see. You are the lady sent by Miss Hoppe to relieve me during my vacation. I am glad, indeed, that you came, for I intend to leave tonight."

"Now, let's see," he said slowly, taking out his watch. "I believe since it's getting late that we will say nothing about the books this evening. Come in the morning at eight, and Mr. Harden, the assistant manager, who is expecting Miss Hoppe, will direct your work for you."

"Thank you," she replied, and left the office.

The following morning upon arriving at the office and finding no one there, she seated herself at the desk and began glancing over some books.

Bob Harden was late that morning. As he hurried along the corrider to the cloak room, he noticed the door of the office was opened, but he thought nothing of it and hurried back. On coming to the door he stopped, for there at the desk was an attractive, trimly dressed figure in a blue serge suit, dainty white collar and cuffs. "Oh! the new stenographer," thought Bob, as he backed away from the door a short distance.

Had the lady at the desk glanced around at that moment she might have seen a handsome, dark-haired, blue-eyed young man hastily smoothing his hair and straightening his tie. The business of pulling himself together being over, Bob entered the room.

"Good morning," he stammered. "I suppose you're the new stenographer."

"For the present," she replied, looking into his face and smiling.

All Bob saw was a pair of large brown eyes, that had the power of making him blush. He shifted uneasily to his desk and opening it, ejaculated to himself, "Whew! Didn't suppose she'd be that good looking."

When he became sufficiently composed, he turned to her and asked, "Is there any help I can give you?"

"Thank you, none at present," she smilingly said, "but may I feel free to ask you any questions if I think it necessary?"

"Never hesitate," he said, "in doing so."

Things went along nicely that day without much conversation between

the two. Nevertheless Bob's eyes had a peculiar tendency of wandering in her direction.

Next morning, on coming into the office, Bob noticed a large red rose on the desk. "How fitting" thought he, and after that he always spoke of her as "My Rose Lady."

The friendship between the two increased and at evening they would always leave the office together and often would dine together. One night when Bob left her at the door of her rooming house she said to him, "Well, Mr. Harden, this time to-morrow night I'll be on my way home. You know my two weeks are up and Mr. Humboldt returns to-morrow.

"That's so, isn't it?" he gasped, and had it been light enough to see him, she might have noticed how the smile vanished from his face.

That night Bob couldn't sleep; he took their friendship: looked at it one way, and viewed it from another. Toward morning he came to the conclusion that he really loved her and resolved to ask her the question as soon as he could arrive at the office.

Bob took more pains than ever with his dressing that morning, but as is always the way, had an awfully hard time of it. First he could not find but one clean collar, as his laundry had been sent away. This was a soft one and was rather worn out.

"That won't do," he growled, as he beat it across the hall to one of his friend's room. Fortunately he was fitted out in a fairly good looking collar. The next question was that of a tie. After trying on several, he decided upon one with roses in it for he knew that she liked roses. His hair having been combed, he grabbed his hat and started down the street at a rather good speed. He arrived at the office, a little late it is true, but radiant. With all Bob's self-confidence he found himself getting nervous on coming into her presence, and so the question remained unasked that morning. Fifteen minutes before closing that afternoon Bob left his desk and moving toward her exclaimed with out-stretched arms:

"My Rose Lady—"

"Rose," she exclaimed with pleased astonishment. "I never heard you call me that before. How queer. My husband always calls me that."

"Husband," exclaimed Bob sinking into a chair.

"Why yes," she answered him smilingly, "he's been in France six months, but I received a letter today saying he's arrived in New York. I'm so anxious to get home, I can scarcely wait till evening."

"Well, it's time to close now," snapped Bob, "so I'm going."

"Good night, Mr. Harden," called she, but she received no answer. "I wonder what's the matter with Mr. Harden, he never even bid me good-bye," she thought as she left the building for the last time.

—LOLA ELMORE, '21.

Autobiography of the Office

It is customary if not interesting, to start a composition with a description of some sort—this will be one of myself. What should be of interest to the ladies is that I have just acquired a new map; unlike most physiognomies, it is located, more or less permanently, half way up my east side, rather than at the upper terminal of myself. Among other things, I contain a desk—always more or less cluttered up with papers, books, articles of amusements, and perishables (pie for example), a couple of chairs for the uplift of a Spanish class, a typewriter (two in fact, at present sitting), a table which is the despair of my existence. I really don't possess a green carpet but so far as some people are concerned, I might as well.

Speaking of green carpets, I am reminded of one of the chief advantages of being inanimate; I get the straight of a number of conferences—cannings.

My office hours haven't always closed at four—or even six o'clock. Nights before the Juniors gave their Carnival in 1919, I was filled with horns, rubber balls, caps, etc., and the afore-mentioned class labored most strenuously to prepare everything for the event. And then that night I was made into a police court, and some very solemn cases were tried within my walls. I remember one in particular a certain gentleman was prosecuted by one of the gypsies for taking from her tent a very important crystal. After the affair was over (it must have been Sunday morning), they brought the money to my desk and counted the heavy sums turned in from the several attractions. The thing had been a success; and it meant that there would be a real reception—and there was—ask any of the Seniors of '19 or '20.

A general examination of all pupils has begun the last of 1919. I was headquarters for the physical part of it. All those poor little first and second graders had to come upstairs and were kindly forced into me although they were sure their tonsils and most of their teeth were to be extracted at once. The faculty haven't passed on the final mental reports, but I suppose there is little doubt of their ultimatum.

—DORIS HICKS, '20

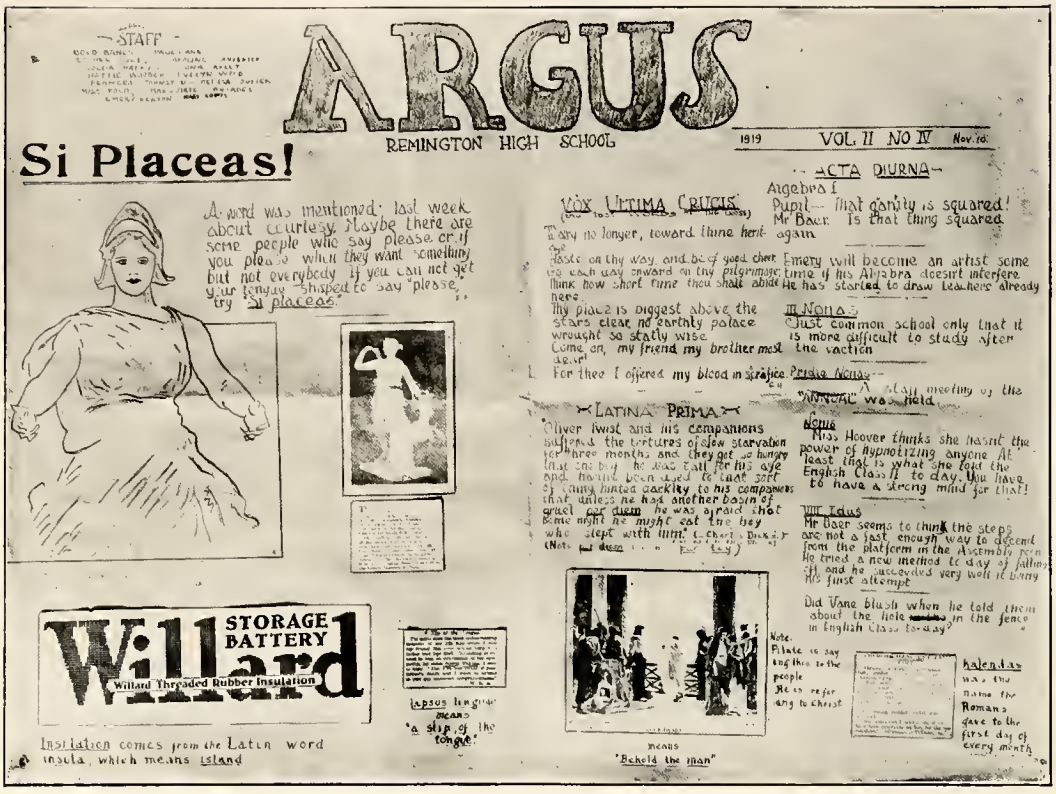
* * *

L. D. B.—"When did William the Conqueror come to England?"

Edna B.—"I don't know."

L. D. B.—"But doesn't it say in your book, 'William the Conqueror, 1066'?"

Edna—"Yes, but I thought that was his telephone number."


ARGUS
REMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL
1919 VOL. II NO IV Nov. 16
Si Placeas!
A word was mentioned last week about courtesy. Maybe there are some people who say please or if you please when they want something but not everybody. If you can not get your tongue shaped to say "please," try "Si placeas."
ACTA DIURNA
VOX ULTIMA CRUCIS
Pupil— That gantly is squared!
Mr Baer: Is that thing squared again
Thy day no longer, toward thine herit-
Haste on thy way, and be of good cheer
We each day onward on thy pilgrimage
Think how short time thou shalt abide
Thy place is biggest above the stars clear no earthly palace wrought so stately wise
Come on, my friend my brother most dear!
For thee I offered my blood in sacrifice
LATINA PRIMA
Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months and they got so hungry that one boy he was full for his age and would been used to that sort of thing hinted darkly to his companions that unless he had another basin of gruel per diem he was afraid that some night he might eat the boy who slept with him.
Willard STORAGE BATTERY
Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation
Insulation comes from the Latin word insula, which means Island
lapsus linguae means 'a slip of the tongue'
means "Behold the man"
Note. Pilate is say ing this to the people He is refer ring to Christ
Kalendas was the name the Romans gave to the first day of every month

Our Lattin Paper

The Argus was started by the Freshman class of 1918. It was issued every week by an editor and two assistants. The editor was chosen every week and he or she appointed two people to help get out the paper. It was edited in the form of a bulletin which appeared in the hall, over the drinking fountain, every Monday morning.

The purpose of the "Argus" was to stimulate interest in Latin by showing the use of Latin in everyday life. It contained English words that come from Latin as found in books, newspapers, advertisements, and other sources; a few jokes, a cartoon and a poem containing Latin words or references.

This year it is being "published" on a larger and better scale. One of the new departments is a calendar—the "Acta Diurna"—which is a record of the happenings of every day of the week. The jokes are included in this column and are real ones sometimes. There is also each week a short editorial on some Latin phrase or motto which seems proper for that week.

The Argus Staff

Boyd Banes was elected from the Sophomore class the first term to serve as editor-in-chief until the middle of January. At the same time five or six helpers were elected partly from the Freshmen and partly from the Sophomore classes to assist the editor.

The election of officers for the last half of the year was held Monday, January nineteenth. Edna Baier was elected editor-in-chief with Frances Johnston and Elnora Townsend as her chief assistants from the Sophomore class and Lawrence O'Connor and Myron McGlynn from the Freshmen class. Hattie Wooden has had charge of the "Acta Diurna" for both terms, and Emery Kenyon has done faithful service all year in printing and illustrating the paper. Esther Jones was elected business manager for the entire year, with Caroline Carpenter as assistant.

This paper has not yet been incorporated but we hope it will be in the near future.

—BOYD BANES, '22.

The Unexpected Guest

It was one of those bluish gray days when all nature is apparently lifeless and the wind, a solitary mourner, moans and wails unceasingly. Helen Anderson looking out on the almost deserted street, decided that the day was in harmony with her spirits. As she turned from the window she was a picture of bitter rebellion. Brushing back the dark wavy tresses which nestled about her brow she flew across the room to where a sleeping figure lay cuddled up in a chair before the grate.

"Wake up, Sleeping Beauty," she cried. "You might sleep forever but the Prince would not come." Receiving no answer, Helen caught hold of a golden lock and gave it a vigorous pull at which the blue eyes of the Sleeping Beauty opened.

"Doris Philips," cried Helen, "can't you think of something exciting. Everything is dead, dead, dead. It's just the most horrid old place and Mother would never have dreamed of sending me here if you had not come. It makes me faint to think of the old thing and I will never darken its doorway—"

"Why Helen, what are you saying," and turning toward the door, Helen's eyes met the shocked inquiring gaze of her aunt, Miss Patricia Anderson.

"I—er—was ju—u—st trying to keep Doris from going to sleep," stammered Helen as she forced a winning smile.

"I guess you have succeeded," said the aunt as she gazed at the wide-awake expression on the face of her charming charge. "What were you talking about?" asked Doris in a low tone as Miss Anderson withdrew. "Talking about," echoed Helen. "What do I talk about most of the time, silly. That detestable school for girls, of course."

"Oh cheer up, dear," said Doris coaxingly. "Why just think, vacation is almost here and—"

"And nothing to do," interrupted Helen. Just then a sound of tripping feet was heard on the stairs. The girls looked questioningly at each other, then at the door.

"Aunt Patty never runs upstairs," whispered Helen. But to their great surprise it was Aunt Patty who entered with a smile and held out an envelope.

"A pleasant surprise," she exclaimed. "I wrote your cousin Harold, glancing at Helen, "asking him to spend his vacation with us. It is impossible for him to come, so he is sending a young doctor whom he says is a good scout and valuable acquaintance."

"Oh, Aunty, you're such a dear," and Helen danced around the room joyfully.

The remainder of the afternoon was given to careful preparation and eager expectancy, as "the young doctor" was to arrive at six o'clock. All was ready at six and the girls sat awaiting the sound of the doorbell. "There," whispered Helen. Miss Anderson advanced followed by the girls. She opened the door—a lady. "I am Doctor Brown," she said.

—VIOLET MOTE, '21.

The Carnival

The present Senior class in the spring of 1919 was in need of a considerable amount of money, so they proceeded to give a Carnival which proved to be a great success.

On Saturday evening, May seventeenth, at about seven o'clock, a procession started from the school building, making a great deal of noise. They made the rounds of the town, at last returning to the school house. Soon people began to arrive and kept arriving until Mr. Baer, who was taking the money at the door, hardly had time to make correct change.

On the lower floor were the novelty stand, candy booth, fish pond, the nigger-baby stand, fortune telling tent and hamburger booth. One room was arranged as a Japanese tea room where cake and lemonade could be had, and in another room, the play "Romeo and Juliet" was given.

On the upper floor there was also a fortune telling booth, a menagerie in one room, a show "for men only" in another, in the third room one could meet Golduh Stubbins, the Bean family, Mutt and Jeff, the Fat Lady, the Gold Dust Twins, the wild man from Borneo and other such noted people. In the Assembly room the Minstrel gave their program for crowds of people. The office was used as a court room where the judge presided, sentencing and fining the people whom the police had arrested according to their crimes.

After the crowd had left, although it was Sunday morning, the class counted the money and found that $133.87 had been taken in, which was much more than most of them had expected. Of this money, a little over half was spent on the Junior-Senior banquet in honor of the Seniors and the remainder went to install a drinking fountain outside the school building.

—ALTA LUCAS, '20.

After we Licked Momence

The Saturday that Momence was to appear on our gridiron, November fifteenth, was a busy day for the girls of R. H. S. In the morning a bunch scoured the town in a Franklin hunting "eats." Then in the afternoon just before the game the boys were told to be at the Methodist church basement at 6:30 for dinner. The girls naturally worked from the time the game was over until after dinner was ready. The heroes were in by the fireplace while the girls were putting things on the table. Our very dignified Senior girl was carrying a large platter of chicken to the table and it—"it got upsot." Chicken shot in all directions and our Seniors rushed into the kitchen. But here came the boys who said: "Put it on, they'd eat it anyway."

When the boys and the other guests, Mr. Baker, Mr. Baer, Rev. A. L. Miller, and Rev. J. G. Rhind, had eaten what they could, led by Mr. Baker they gave nine "Rahs for the girls.' Of course, the girls gave them a return of "nine Rahs for team." Then they swarmed into the kitchen and demanded aprons and towels.

Then the waiters and guests changed places. Some washed dishes, that others had conveyed to the kitchen, while some waited tables. If anyone wants to know how to make more gravy when he has more guests than gravy see Mr. Baker, for he certainly can make it. Mr. Baer was found out after having "doped" some good water (with salt).

The cooks were not at all sorry to find, upon going back to the kitchen, that Mr. Rhind had finished washing the dishes. Altogether, everybody felt that it had been worth while to "lick Momence."

—MADGE PUCKETT, '21.

FOR THE LANDS SAKE

Two Tommies went into a restaurant over on the eastern front and said to the waiter, "We want Turkey with Greece."

The wait replied, "Sorry sirs, but we can't Servia."

"Well then, get the Bosphorus."

The boss came in, heard their order, and then said, "I don't want to Russia, but you can't Rumania."

So the two Tommies went away Hungary.

Alice—"It's quite a secret, but I was married last week to Dick Gray."

Jane—"Indeed, I should have thought you'd be the last person on earth to marry him."

Alice—"Well, I hope to be."

Our Service Flag

We are not a little proud of our Service Flag. It has forty-one stars (including one of gold) in honor of former students of Remington High School who entered their country's service. The names are as follows:

Leonard Foster
Frank Foster
Adrian Foster
Guy Little
Roscoe Eller
Keith Spencer
Harry Howard
Russell Taylor
Fred Peck
Bruce Peck

Ross Turner
James Kenyon
Harry May
Daniel Lilley
Henry Phelps
Vernon Balcom
Ward Lewis
Lowell Hensler
Kenneth Babb
Keith O'Riley

Herbert Powers
Hughes Cornwall
Roy Brooks
Robert Stoudt
George Denham
George Baldwin
Ernest Maxwell
Marion Sutherland
Vernon Julien
Maurice Eck

Russell Hamilton
Harold Hamilton
Lowell Rich
Alonzo Cowgill
Arthur Cowgill
Chester Besse
Harold Bartee
Glenn Maxwell
Raymond Maxwell
Thomas Smalley

Dewey McGlynn

The flag, which was made by Miss Hoover with the assistance of Miss Kolb, was paid for by subscriptions from members and patrons of the school.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club

"Can you imagine anything
So grand as hearing our Glee Club sing
Strains of Orpheus, wonderful sweet,
Bringing to tears each thing that we greet.
While singing a folk song of long ago
We warble a measure so tender and low,
The altos are carefully holding a tone
Till the breath of their lungs is just about gone.
The music is strangely affecting us all
When a cow helps us out—by beginning to bawl."

—MARGUERITTE ROADES, '20

The Girls' Glee Club of 1919-1920 held their first meeting September 17, 1919, under the leadership of Miss Helen Kolb. The club showed a decided increase in numbers over that of the previous year, the entire number being thirty-six. Not only was the number increased, but also the volume of tone. So appealing and entrancing is their music that it produces the same effect upon pupils in the adjoining rooms as did the music of the sirens in days of old.

For the Christmas entertainment the Glee Club gave an operetta, "The Trial of Santa Claus," which proved a great success. The following was the cast:

Alta Lucas.....Judge
Margueritte Roades.....State's Attorney
Madge Puckett.....Council for Defense
Lloyd Payne.....Santa Claus
Esther Edwards.....Sheriff
Golda Hafey.....Clerk
Leona Kelly.....Would-be Foreman
Frances Johnston.....Liberty
Doris Hicks.....Columbia
Harry Bahler.....A Page
Vincent McGlynn.....Chimney Sweep
Homer Wooden.....The Man-in-the-Moon
Albert Geier.....Grandma Grumpy
Luther Lucas.....Grandpa Grumpy
A number of Grumpy children
A chorus of children and the twelve months of the year

With the beginning of the second term, the membership had increased to forty-three. With this number it has been possible to do some really creditable work, their repertoire including such selections as "Lift Thine Eyes" from Mendelssohn's "Elijah;" Grieg's "Dance of the Butterflies;" "Ave Maria," by Gounod, and others of similar grade.

Doris Hicks and Lola Elmore have acted as pianists for both Glee Club and Chorus throughout the year.

—LOLA ELMORE, '21.

The Remington Press

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1931

New York Special.—Prof. Floyd W. Baer says he is sure he has found the true explanation for those electrical disturbances that were first noticed, here in New York and in London, where the professor will confer wit ha number of world famed scientists.

Our townpeople will readily identify Prof. Baer with the promising young man who taught in our school two years.

RETURN OF VIRTUOSO

Miss Lola E. Elmore will give an entertainment at the Chautauqua, Friday evening, Aug. 16. Miss Elmore delighted the English Royalty when she made her debut in London last winter. She has recently been touring southern Europe. Besides being a brilliant piano virtuoso, Miss Elmore is also a talented reader.

Clarke Hascall, her business manager, will be here, and it is expected that he will take some part in the programme.

WHAT DOES THE LAW DECREE?

Unfortunate At Least!

There was an elopement planned—and the wrong twin appeared. According to reports, she didn't know what she was getting into, until it was over, but Richard says he can't support them both, yet.

The United States Ambassadar to Uruguay, the Honorable L. D. Baker, leaves Washington today for Montevideo.

The Remington Quintet, which has met with such favor in the Lyceum entertainments all over the country, has broken up. Miss Frances Johnston, the violinist, says she is tired of traveling and not seeing her closest friends; she is going to try marriage. Miss Hafey's health is in such a condition that she feels that she must winter in the south recuperating. The other members of the Quintet were Mrs. Hattie Wellington, Miss Leona Kelly and Miss Alberta Geier.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Mrs. Helen Van Sturr and Mrs. Pha Hoover Wroe were hit by a street car as they were speeding across town in Mrs. Van Sturr's automobile. Neither of the ladies lost consciousness, but they were made quite helpless by the shock. Mrs. Van Sturr has relatives in the city, and the unfortunate ladies were taken to their home.

Mrs. Wroe was on her way to deliver an address on "Community Kitchens" at the West Side hotel. It is postponed until Tuesday of next week, when, we are assured, the two women will have entirely recovered.

Dr. and Mrs. Bidwell entertained, at their beautiful home on east Division St., the latter's classmates of 1920. It was practically a week's house-party.

Miss Marguerite Roades, now the Attorney-General of Illinois, reached Remington Wednesday morning, and proceeded to win an impromptu tennis tournament held on the Bidwell courts.

Charles and Athlene Johnston were able to be here from the West. Johnston says his fruit farm is doing fine, and we'll agree that it must be; he came in his own plane.

Miss Alta Lucas, who has been conducting a special teacher's course in Monon, drove over for dinner and a dance Thursday evening.

Mrs. Doris Calderon arrived here directly from Rawson, Argentina, where she has been for the past seven years. She is a widow now, but assures her friends that she and her two children will go back to South America in three or four months.

Mr. Vern Williams left his office in Monroe, Wis., in charge of one of his assistants, and has been alternately visiting his parents and classmates.

C. E. Kelly is now a policeman in Seafield. He couldn't get off just now, and didn't like to leave, for he says he is looking for a raise in the near future.

Mr. Max Carpenter, the other member of Marjory Bidwell's class is on a honeymoon. He says his wife is mapping out the route, and does not find it convenient to include Remington on it. Carpenter has recently been taken in as junior portner of the Crawfordsville Electric Co., which probably accounts for his extravagance.

Mrs. Catherine Payne is expected home from Watseka Friday.

Miss Ruth Spencer and Miss Mary Lewis attended Miss Lucas' classes in Monon several weeks.

Mr. Lawrence O'Connor has been made manager of the Duluth Mfg. Co. He has been with this company several years and this is a sign of his good business ability.

Mrs. Bernice Farley's chickens took first prize, as usual, at Rensselaer on Wednesday.

See us for fresh meats; choice cuts.—Emerson.

Miss Elsie Blake and Miss Katherine Parsons have returned from twelve weeks' normal at Terre Haute.

Mrs. Emma Morris left this morning for Detroit.

The Remington Press

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1931

L. Lucas' bus will take you to Fowler. Best time and comfort.

Miss Caroline Carpenter and Miss Elnora Townsend are spending a couple of weeks in Michigan with old college friends.

Mrs. Evelyn Courtwright, of Goodland has several pupils from this town for dancing lessons.

Moscelyn Sharkey reports a raise; she is a stenographer at the lumber yard.

Miss Leona Dickinson has just won a contest put on by the "Farm Journal."

Rollie Turner is making arrangements to spend the winter in the north woods.

Miss Lola Stokes has entire charge of the Enell candy department here at Remington.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lewis and family are on an auto tour to Mammoth Cave, Ky.

Lillian Howell won commendation from the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., for presence of mind when a child slipped while trying to get on the panhandle at Kentland. Miss Howell is a conductor on No. 58.

Prof. William Casey is an authority on simultaneous equations in Algebra. Our readers may get in touch with him by addressing Indiana University.

Nelllie Blake has recently been added to the police force of Remington.

Miss Marion Meadal has returned from Nevada to be with her mother a few days.

Miss Gertrude Kelly is spending the week with her brother and his wife in Seafield.

Miss Mary Mitchell spent Saturday with friends at Columbia Park, Lafayette.

Myron McGlynn has just been promoted to floor walker in Bowman's Cafe.

Jack Johnston has recently taken up his abode in Remington and will lead the band in the several concerts at the Chautauqua, for which it is scheduled.

Mr. Clifford Weir found his skunk farm so successful last winter, that he is increasing his accommodations for that furred family.

Misses Stokes and Harris have contracted to teach in South Carolina this coming winter.

Mr. M. H. Cummons is to be assistant hack driver for the Gilboa township school children.

The September Pictorial contains articles and stories by Edna Baiers, Bessie Reade, Mrs. Pha Hoover Wroe, and Fred H. Richcreek. We wold call special attention to an article by Atty. Gen. A. M. Roades, of Illinois.

If you want the latest about your neighbor, see Zephyr.

Miss Tillie Reade and Miss Thelma Harper are to teach in Carpenter township this winter under the trusteeship of C. F. Forry.

The Methodist Episcopal church of Wolcott is holding revival meetings this week. The acting pastor, Rev. L. W. Spangle, extends a cordial invitation to the Remington folks to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McGlynn entertained Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Howard and son Charley Sunday evening.

Miss Hazel Culp and her sister-in-law were in Logansport Monday.

Call at Mlle. Verne's for shampoos. We also make the specialty of matching hair and can furnish any of the best grades of toilet articles.

Miss Violet Mote has just been chosen matron of Wolcott Orphan Asylum.

Let Mme O'Ressa design your fall costume. She will be at Kenyon's Sept. 8-19.

I will take a limited number of art students for the winter. Call or phone to arrange courses and hours.—Mrs. L. W. Bidwell, E. Division St.

LOST—Little white dog answering to name of "Snick."—Mrs. Eunice Welsh.

WANTED—Maid, colored, young, for light services at varying hours. Room, board, salary $12.—Mrs. L. W. Bidwell.

WANTED—3 stitchers, 4 finishers, 1 expert embroiderer.—Kenyon's Exclusive Shop for Women.

NEED A NEW PLANE?

Let Us Show You

2 new models just in. Others working fine.

R. W. LITTLE

Cressyville :: Phone 603

LYRIC THEATRE

"Goodness Gracious"

By

CLIFFORD ZIMMERMAN

Arranged by Edwards

Starring:

Esther Jones

Watassa

Paul Banes

Comedy, Gissie

Our Pets
Over the Top
Four O'clock
Pals
On the Rocks
Age of Innocence
Senior
Sliding
"Hurry up, Miss Kolb"
"Skin-nay!"
Fountain of Youth
Sophomores

Athletics

FOOTBALL TEAM

Football

The first game was at Rensselaer. The home eleven worked hard, but was out of luck, Spangle getting his shoulder dislocated, and Johnson, fullback, getting two fingers thrown out of joint. Score, 58-0.

The second game was at Momence, Ill. Our team, though tired from their long trip, played a good game, but lost because of the opponents' good forward passing. Score 47-6.

The return game with Rensselaer was played on the home field. Some of the team being sick, the boys were badly defeated.

The last game of the season was with Momence at Remington. The ground was slippery from a recent rain. Momence went home weeping with 25-0 ringing in their ears.

PERSONNEL

Robert Little, "Jake".....Right Half (Captain)
He's our faithful and hard hitting captain

Max Carpenter, "Carp".....Center
Our lengthy center with the expert tackle

Arthur Emerson, "Mick".....Quarterback
He's little, but nevertheless he's speedy

Paul Banes, "Banesy".....Left Half
He's a light halfback,(but he makes the "downs")

Charles Johnson, "Chaunce".....Fullback
They never gain through his end of the line

Vernon Julien, "Julie".....Left Guard
He puts plenty of "beef" into the line

Vane Howard, "Reginald".....Left Tackle, and Sub Center
Always grinning, but a dangerous grin for opponents

Vern Williams, "Willie".....Left End
Clean cut, and ready to "play the game"

Clarence Kelly, "Irish".....Sub Right Tackle
A good, strong tackle

Myron McGlynn, "Pus".....Sub Left Guard
He's not extra large, but you tell 'em he's there

Lowell Spangle, "Rev".....Right Guard
Spink says, "Let 'em come, I'm ready for the whole team"

Lloyd Payne, "Shirt".....Right End
He's good on grandstands, and at getting the ball, too.

Lawrence O'Connor, "Denny".....Sub Right Guard
Rather light, but a determined player

Rollie Turner, "Pol".....Sub Left Tackle
Inclined to mischief, but he's got lots of nerve

Merrill Cummons, "Loppy".....Right Tackle
Lots of entertainment, but they don't pull anything on him

Basketball

LITTLE

Every game played had "Jake" in the line-up. Hasn't any specialty—he does 'em all. He is consistent and dependable. His "push" not only boosted the score in most games, but got the team through several snow-drifts on the Fowler trip one wild night.

KENYON

"Jazz baby"—but he's there on the baskets. "Eak," like Banes, proved to be one of the best shooters on the team, and this pair usually rolled up the score. His work at center saved the bacon in several games. "Tip" always got the "tip" at center. "You tell 'em."

JOHNSTON

The team didn't hit its stride, somehow, until "Chaunce" came out. His steady fight and close guarding broke up many plays of the opponents. Like in football, he had hard luck with injuries, but he has the grit.

HOWARD

"Reg" has the making of a real basket-ball player, as his work this season showed. He ought to make one of the best guards of this section next year. Everyone is expecting him to put Remington on the basket-ball map. No time for the grandstand—but there with the goods.

WILLIAMS

Guard, chauffeur and rooter. Could win the Gimbel prize for the best mental attitude. Always in the game with the right spirit. Good at smothering shots and guarding his basket.

WEIR

Dependable and gives a good account of himself, whenever he has a chance. He has the faculty of being in the right place at the right time. He made a good showing in all the games in which he played.

EMERSON

Small but mighty. He plays the game all the time and puts up a real defense at guard. He's not afraid to tackle any of them. His work figured in most of the games this year.

CUMMONS

Holds down his place on the floor. Didn't have much of a chance to show his worth this year but should make the regular team another season.

Basketball Games

The first game was played on the home floor with Brookston. The line-up was: E. K., center; Howard and Banes, forwards; Jake and Ritchie, guards. score, 58-12, in favor of Brookston. Return game, Brookston 52; Remington 18.

Third, with Rensselaer, on home floor. Line-up: Kenyon, center; Little and Howard, forwards; Williams and Johnston, guards. Score, 22-10.

The next game was at Fowler. Line-up, due partly to sickness, was as folows: Little, center; Johnston and Emerson, forwards; Cummons and Williams, guards. Score, 48-16.

Next with Reynolds, on home floor. The boys were all in good spirits. Line-up: Kenyon, center; Banes and Little, forwards; Johnston, Williams, and Emerson, guards. Remington 35; Reynolds, 29.

The sixth game was with Rensselaer, return game, and on their floor. The large floor and fast opponents bewildered our boys, and they came home down-hearted with a score of 60-10. Line-up: Kenyon, center; Banes and Little, forwards; Johnston and Williams, guards.

Next game, with Oxford, on home floor. The Oxford boys were in hard luck that night, since some of their first team were sick. Line-up: Little, center; Banes and Johnson, forwards; Williams, Weir, and Emerson, guards. Score, 48-7, in our favor.

The return game with Fowler was played on our floor. Line-up: E. K., center; Banes and Johnston, forwards; Willliams, Weir and Emerson, guards. a good fast game, and although Johnston was laid out with an injured ankle the last part and Richcreek and Emerson substituted for him and Howard, we came out ahead with a final score of 60 to 9.

Our first and only game with Pine was played at Remington. Line-up: Kenyon, center; Banes and Little, forwards; Julien and Howard, guards. Score, 32-10, with Remington victorious.

R. H. S. Features

MALE QUARTETTE

First tenor ..... Michael Caruso Emerson
Second tenor ..... Pollie McCormack Turner
Baritone ..... Adam Beethoven Gillam
Basso ..... Emilia Schumann-Heink Johnston
Pianist ..... Loppaderewski Cummons

R. H. S. LADIES' AIDS

Reginald Howard, President.
Banes Brothers, Social Committee.
I. V. C. Julien, Post Graduate.
J. Little, Charter Member, (Resigned).
C. Kelly, Past Master.
Vern Williams, Associate Member.
Lloyd Payne, (On Probation).
Chaunce (Suspended).
Richie (Cradle Roll Department).
L. Spangle, Organist.
F. W. Baer, Honorary Member.

GIRLS' FOOTBALL TEAM

Right End ..... E. Edwards
Right Tackle ..... R. Spencer
Right Guard ..... F. Teter
Center ..... L. Elmore
Left Guard ..... A. Alberts
Left Tackle ..... M. Roades
Left End ..... M. Harris
Quarterback ..... M. Mitchell
Right Half ..... D. Hicks
Left Half ..... G. Kelly
Full Back ..... A. Geier
Coach ..... P. Hoover
Yell Leader ..... M. Meadal

DRAMATIC CLUB

Mary Pickford Christianson
Douglas Fairbanks McGlynn
Sarah Bernhardt Moss
Billie Burke Dickinson
Fatty Arbuckle Weir
Robert Mantell Lucas
Julia Marlowe Kellner
Dustin Farnum O'Connor

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unhappy, discouraged?
God is love.

Are you playing
a losing game?
Accept divine aid.

FOR GOD AND REMINGTON

LET'S GO!

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John Gray Rhind, Minister.

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grade?

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at ours?

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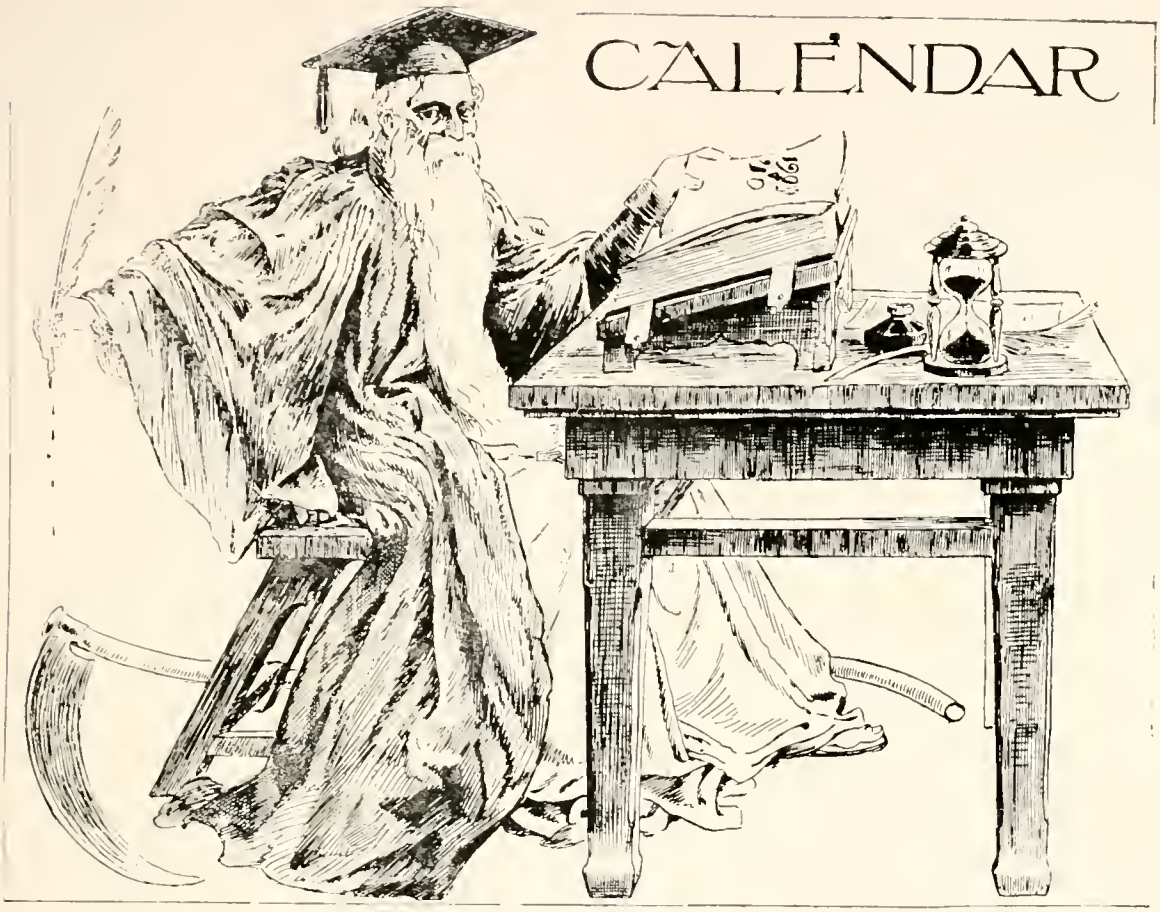
ROY H. PUTERBAUGH, Manager
423 Columbia Street
LAFAYETTE, IND.



Oct. 20—Reports from the tests which caused many groans and a few smiles. Information about a change in determining deportment.

Oct. 21—More news about deportment. They are giving it to us gradually.

Oct. 22—Report cards for the first six weeks were given out today. A few heart failures are reported.

Oct. 23—Mr. Baer was scrubbing in the Domestic Science room today.

Oct. 24—Various rooms in the building gave short programs in memory of Theodore Roosevelt. Attorney George Williams of Rensselaer addressed the high school.

Oct. 27—Mr. Foster and Miss Flint, the entire class of 1912, visited high school this afternoon.

Oct. 28—Has Mr. Baer a patent on that Algebra machine which he explained to the Sophomores today?

Oct. 29—Great rejoicing in school today. All the teachers are going to Association tonight and no more school until Monday.

Nov. 3—Just common school, only it is more difficult to study after the vacation.

Nov. 4—An Annual staff meeting.

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GRAVEL AND SAND

P. C. C. & St. Delivery Phone 32

REMINGTON, INDIANA

Nov. 5—Miss Hoover thinks she hasn't the power of hypnotizing anyone. At least that is what she told the English II class today.

Nov. 6—Mr. Baer seems to think the steps are not a fast enough way to descend from the platform in the Assembly room. He tried a new method today—falling off—and succeeded very well considering that it was his first attempt.

Nov. 7—Mr. Baker reports that fourteen mice were caught today. Lloyd Payne explained a problem in Algebra.

Nov. 10—It's raining rain today—not violets.

Nov. 11—Many of the pupils went to Rensselaer for the patriotic celebration, so school was dismissed early.

Nov. 12—If you had wanted to hear some real singing, you should have visited the Assembly this morning.

Nov. 13—Written lessons are in vogue today.

Nov. 14—Robert Hascall was moved up to the front seat this morning.

Nov. 17—Max rambled in on a flat tire today. Too much football.

Nov. 18—The Spanish III class was dismissed on time this afternoon.

Nov. 19—Mr. Hawkins assisted in the Domestic Science Department.

Nov. 20—Willard informed the English II class that he went to the show last night.

Nov. 21—Elnora fell off the Assembly Room platform—the second performance of that kind this year. Watch your step.

Nov. 24—Tests!

Nov. 25—More tests!!

Nov. 26—Took pictures for Annual. Annual staff meeting.

Dec. 1—"Blue" Monday. Just common school.

Dec. 2—Willard fell down, which created quite a sensation, especially for Willard.

Dec. 3—Report cards given out.

Dec. 4—Second high school moving picture play tonight. Several meetings of different classes.

Dec. 5—Fire drill.

Dec. 8—Some snow and some slippery.

Dec. 9—Miss Hoover took a sleigh ride which ended in an "upsot." Mr. Baker surely forgot to come to school. He was absent all day.

Dec. 10—It isn't safe to cough today or you would probably have symptoms of tuberculosis. Lenore Pickering and Helen Farabee visited high school this afternoon.

Dec. 11—Five minutes recess this afternoon. Cause unknown. Coal shortage probably. Theo Teter visited school.

Dec. 12—Annual staff and football team went to Fowler to have pictures taken for the Annual.

Dec. 15—No excitement whatever.

Dec. 16—Started examining again.

Dec. 17—More examining. Some snow.

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Florsheim Shoes.

Geo. P. Ide's shirts and collars.

Black Cat Hose.

White Cat Underwear.

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House Dresses Aprons Etc.

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Agents for famous Arch Preserver shoe.

A full line of seasonable piece goods.

Rugs and Linoleum.

HICKS DRY GOODS CO.

Remington, Indiana.

Dec. 18—Polly Turner fell down stairs. We got out one minute early. That was probably the cause of his fall.

Dec. 19—Christmas programs in several of the rooms. No more school for a week.

Dec. 29—School again after two weeks' vacation.

Dec. 30—Nothing exciting happened.

Dec. 31—Miss Kolb absent.

Jan. 1—Happy New Year. Miss Kolb absent today also. Mr. Baker is rather hard on the Latin and English classes.

Jan. 2—Miss Kolb back to school again.

Jan. 5—Mr. Baker was reading to the History II class today about teachers' salaries being paid by dog taxes. That is probably the reason Miss Hoover is taking such good care of that little dog in the Domestic Science room.

Jan. 6—Picture of "ARGUS" and Argus staff taken. Annual staff meeting. Mr. Baer absent this morning.

Jan. 7—School, although almost snowbound.

Jan. 8—The History III and IV classes were entertained today by Mr. Baker reading to them foolish answers to History questions.

Jan. 9—Miss Jordan was unable to get here to give her health talk and it was postponed until next Friday.

Jan. 12—George Baldwin, a former student of high school, visited school.

Jan. 19—No special lessons for today. Just received examination questions. Everyone started out this morning with 100 in deportment.

Jan. 20—Election of new officers for Argus staff.

Jan. 21—Report cards given out for first semester's work. A few students were unable to walk downstairs without assistance after the shock.

Jan. 22—Some of the Sophomores demonstrated their first proposition today.

Jan. 23—Basket-ball boys went to Fowler to have pictures taken for the Annual. They will play a game there this evening.

Feb. 9—And so it came to pass that the girls have to use the west halls, and the boys the hall directly behind the Assembly room.

Feb. 10—The boys wanted to use the mirror, so the change was made.

Feb. 11—No excitement whatever.

Feb. 12—Mr. Baker back to school.

Feb. 13—Some "Valentine" tests.

Feb. 16—Miss Kolb whistled for Caesar class today.

Feb. 17—Rearrangement of seating in Latin I.

Feb. 18—Rearrangement of seating in History III and IV. This seems to be quite the style in R. H. S. lately.

Feb. 23—Willard had the misfortune of coming in rather close contact with a tack today. "Alas, poor Willard, I knew him well."

Feb. 26—Bobby Hascall's good turn for today, was upsetting an ink bottle. Oh well, accidents will happen in the best regulated families.

Mar. 1—Is it possible that everyone has 100 per cent in deportment this morning?
Mar. 2—Mr. Baer put the deportment grades up but many are far from 100 now.
Mar. 3—Report cards, first time since exams.
Mar. 4—This is sure some cold day.
Mar. 5—History II class is going to publish a new English book. At least they have enough material.
Mar. 8—What is the matter with the furnace? or is the janitor on a strike?
Mar. 9—The school house temperature is somewhat moderated.
Mar. 10—Just school,—and dead! at that.
Mar. 11—Short quiz and dismissal for Spanish IV.
Mar. 12—"There came the sound of garlic from the room,"—Mr. Baker in History II. We all agree that the odor of garlic is almost strong enough to talk.
Mar. 15—"Mirror" goes to press.

—Hattie Wooden, '22.

The Annual is a great invention;
The school gets all the fame,
The printer gets all the money
And the staff gets all the blame.

L. D. B.—How are the ice cream manufacturers trying to stick the public?
Max—By putting glue in the cream.

Hattie, in Ancient History: The Goths found considerable booty in Rome.
Fleta: Say, I'd like to know what that booty stuff means.

Golda, translating, "Caesar dug the ditch perpendicular—no I mean triangular—to the hill.

GOOD MEAT

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Come and see now.

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SPENCER'S VARIETY STORE

—for—

FANCY CHINA

South Ohio Street

Jokes

A joke is like the back of your coat; it's easier to see if it's on someone else.

Mr. Bear (in Science) How was iron discovered?

Jake—I heard pa say they smelt it.

Why Johnny, you have a lump on the back of your head. Have you been fighting?"

"Fightin'? Not me."

"But somebody struck you."

"Nobody struck me. I wasn't fightin' at all. It was an accident."

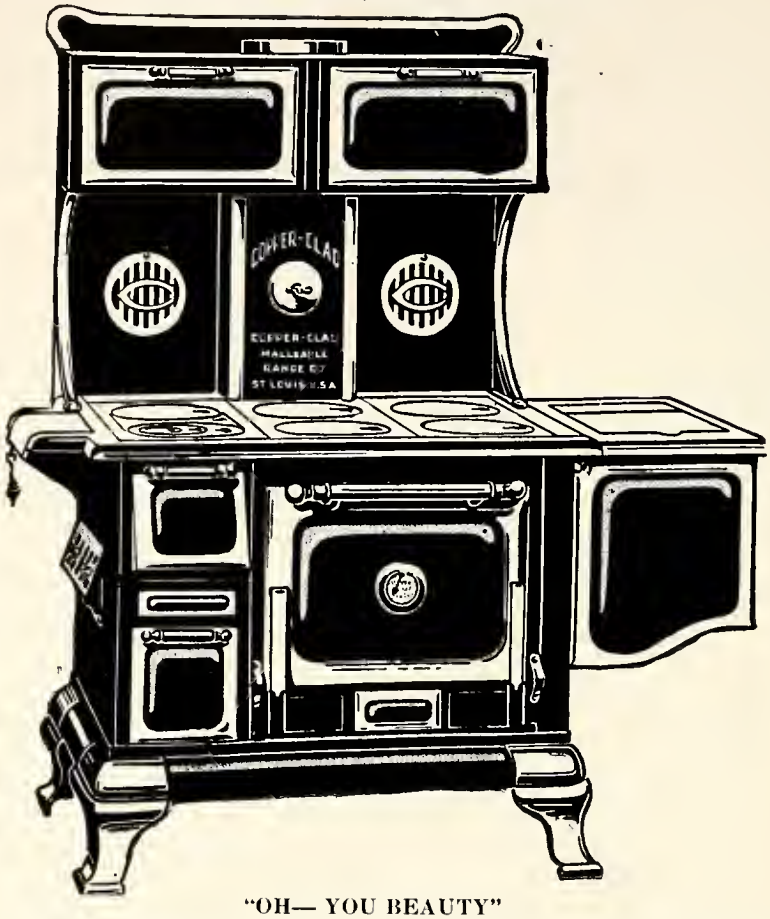
"An accident?"

"Yes, you see I was sittin' on that Charley James, and I forgot to hold his feet."

Luther—"I can't study for these Sophomore boys."

Miss Hoover—"You had better be studying for yourself anyway."

SEE THE ASBESTOS SWEAT



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Copper-Clad means that a sheet of pure Copper is placed BETWEEN the sweaty asbestos and range body.. To place elsewhere would be like climbing on top of a roof to get out of the rain.

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A section of a range body is heated and there on the iron body is the sweat from the asbestos. You see just exactly what happens every time you build a fire in your range. You see why the sheet of copper is used and what it does and how it does it. You take nobody's word—you see—you know—absolutely, positively. You know how the many walls and air spaces of a thermos bottle hold the heat. You know that a house with a single wall is not as warm as the house with two walls and an air space. You know that storm windows, two windows with a space between, are much warmer than a single window even if it is as thick as the two windows.

THOMAS & DOWELL

Remington, Indiana

L. D. B.—"Vern, what is a romance?"
Willie—"I don't know, I never had one."

L. D. B.—"No man has ever had success in business who watched the clock."
Charley—"Oh, I don't know, there is the train dispatcher."

Miss Kolb—"Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"
Dupey—"I thought he lived at the White House."
Rural Hotel Keeper (to guest)—"Well, how did you sleep last night?"
Traveler—"I suffered nearly all night from insomnia."
Hotel Keeper (very mad)—"I'll bet you two dollars there ain't one in the house."

Mr. Baer (very indignant)—"Rollie, you're not fit for decent company. Come in here with me."

S. S. Teacher—"And will you now tell me what was the first thing the Isarelites did when they reached the other side of the sea?"
Willie—"They dried themselves."

Dentist—"I thought you said this tooth had never been filled before."
Patient (feebly)—"No, it has not."
Dentist—"Well, there are traces of gold on my instrument."
Patient (more feebly)—"Perhaps you have struck my back collar button."

Two Canadians were talking:
"Do you know the difference between a louse and a cootie?" asked one.
"No," said the other.
"Well, a cootie is a louse that has had military training."

"Do you love me?" asked the paper bag of the sugar.
"I'm just wrapped up in you," replied the sugar.
"You sweet thing," murmured the paper bag.

Parson, proudly—"Nothing seems bad to me. I can see good in all things."
Pat—"Can you see good in a fog?"

Miss Hoover—"Are you the same man that ate my pie last week?"
Paul—"No mum, I'll never be the same man again."

She—"You tickle me."
He—"Aw, you tickle me first."

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Anybody's trade, whether large or small, appreciated.

H. R. MILNER
Phone 45

Young Housewife—"I want some shirts for my husband, size 15."

Clerk—"With starched cuffs?"

Mrs. W. (horrified)—"Oh no, the doctor says he must avoid anything that has starch in it."

"I hear they are eating crows in Germany."

"Well, that is a good way for the people to help their country's caws."

"Why did you snatch the lady's purse?" asked the Judge.

"Because, Your Worship, I thought the change would do me good."

"Generally speaking women are—"

"Yes they are—"

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."

Manager—"Thomas, you are discharged."

Clerk—"But I've done nothing sir; absolutely nothing."

Manager—"Exactly. That's why you are discharged."

"I don't think Miss Gibb will ever make a hit as a vocalist."

"She has a good voice."

"Yes, but she's got such a big mouth that there's such an echo, and that spoils the effect of her singing."

"Darling, I cooked dinner for you all myself, and you haven't said a word about it."

"I would have dearest, but you see, I hate always to be complaining."

Diner (scanning bill of fare)—"Have you frog legs?"

Waitress—"Oh no sir. I walk this way because I have rheumatism."

OUT OF LUCK

Wifey—"Tomorrow is your birthday, dear, and I am going to stop at the jeweler's and buy you a present."

Hubby—"Get something cheap, dearest, I haven't paid for my last birthday present yet."

A passenger stooped and picked up a coin from the middle of the floor. Three of the other passengers eyed him with envy.

"Which of you people dropped a $5 gold piece?"

"I did,' yelled each of the three.

"Well," said the finder to the man nearest him, "here is a nickle of it."

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J. A. Washburn, Sec'y-Treas.

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Gissy slim?
Bobby quiet?
Rollie serious?
Loppy in a hurry?
Mick singing?
Violet chattering?
Frances flunking?
The library in order?
Lloyd a woman-hater?
Eak in overalls?
Mary L. out of sorts?
Casey on a date?
Marion M. boisterous?
Clarice on time?
Luther's hair combed?
Musty in knickerbockers?

WE HAVE WITH US

Ivan the Terrible
Hoover
"Saint" Paul
Queen Esther
William, the Conqueror
Bloody Mary
Adam
Vesta, the Goddess
Prince Max
Helen of Troy
"Saint Cecilia"
Luther . .
Jack Johnson
King Arthur
Frederick Barbarossa

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Best Bank for You

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Nuf Sed

C. B. JOHNSTON & SON

Alumni

NAME	OCCUPATION	LOCATION
1881		
Lillie Bartoo Marshall		Medford, Ore.
Thomas Babb	Gen. Mgr. B. & O. R. R.	Memphis, Tenn.
1883		
Lois Blood Rich		Indianapolis, Ind.
1884		
Thomas Harper	Carpenter	Remington, Ind.
Jennie Hollingsworth Randell		Laverne, Okla.
Alice Tuttle Braddock		Chicago, Ill.
Jessie Draper Yeoman		
Eva Brown Rich	Deceased	
1885		
Fanny Patton Ramsey		Vincennes, Ind.
Ida Thomas Roadifer		Orangegrove, Fla.
1887		
Alice Hollingsworth Hargadine		
Lottie Coover Peck		Jamestown, N. Y.
Dora Morris Hart		Anderson, Ind.

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A. L. CARPENTER, Manager.

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for all kinds of hardware, tinware, tools, and household goods. The largest and one of the best lines of both heating and cook stoves in the country. If you need a stove or have that marrying bee in your bonnet, just look my line of heaters and cook stoves over. If you buy you will be happy, if not—Oh gee! what a time.

W. L. GUMM

NAME	OCCUPATION	LOCATION
1888		
Ida Beal		Watseka, Ill.
Lina Luckey		Remington, Ind.
Jacob Rich	Owner of Elevator	Brook, Ind.
Jennie Hawn Williams		Flagler, Colo.
Frances O. Lees	Teacher	Baker, Ore.
Nannie Moore Mikesell		Chicago, Ill.
1889		
Effie Gray Stitz		Remington, Ind.
1890		
Flora Hollet Morris		Redlands, Cal.
1891		
Lila Curtis	Instructor Domestic Science I. U.	Bloomington, Ind.
Dan W. Biddle	Farmer	Remington, Ind.
Alice Patton Leaming		Otterbein, Ind.
Mabel Parker Templeton		St. Louis, Mo.
Harry Walker	M. E. Minister	Harbor Springs, Mich.
Hetty Luckey Graham	Died July 4, 1919	
Fannie Jones Kay		Morgantown, W. Va.
1892		
Mabel Kenyon Roberts		Wabash, Ind.
Nellie Traugh Richards		Watseka, Ill.
Frances Hawkins	Died July 24, 1905	
1893		
Stella Beal Dick		Watseka, Ill.
Dollie May Porter		Remington, Ind.
Effie Roberts	Librarian	Wabash, Ind.
Florence Hawkins		Lafayette, Ind.
Margaret Reed VanVoorst		Monticello, Ind.
May Curtis	High School Instructor	Bluffton, Ind.
Minnie Walker Dingle		Winnipeg, Canada.
Clara Bloom Keever		Indianapolis, Ind.

BERT SPENCER

JEWELER

and

OPTOMETRIST

Remington, Indiana

NAME	OCCUPATION	LOCATION
1895		
Maggie Leavel Saylor		
Hattie Bartee	Nurse	Los Angeles, Cal.
Floy Beal Raymond		Monticello, Ill.
Charles Murphy		Rensselaer, Ind.
Hattie Yeoman Hicks		Remington, Ind.
Effie Luckey Puckett		Lafayette, Ind.
Janie Bartee Biddle		Remington, Ind.
1897		
Mary Bellows Murphy		Rensselaer, Ind.
Twonette Parker		Ventura, Cal.
Ella Hawkins Durham		Minneapolis, Minn.
Ella Leavel Reeve		Rensselaer, Ind.
Maude Merritt	Clerk, C. H. Pecks	Remington, Ind.
Walter Tharp	Wholesale	New York, N. Y.
Earnest Shepherd	Government position	Washington, D. C.
1898		
Renette Tabor Pothuisje		Denver, Colorado.
Fannie Walker Bell		Goodland, Ind.
Carrie Irwin Pender	Deceased	
Maude Hemphill Burger		Goodland, Ind.
Mary Roberts	State Librarian	Indianapolis, Ind.
Mira Bartoo Freed		Waveland, Ind.
Grace Ott	Bookkeeper	Remington, Ind.
Claude Townsend	Druggist	Remington, Ind.
Stephen Yeoman	Auditor	Indianapolis, Ind.
Minerva Harris Johnson	Deceased	
1899		
Charles Bartee	Farming	
Murtie Ford	Trained Nurse	Chicago, Ill.
Charles Bowman	Proprietor Restaurant	Remington, Ind.
Gertrude Besse	Primary Teacher	Remington, Ind.
Helen Selsior Taylor		Fargo, Oklahoma.
Julia Geigly Armstrong		Peoria, Illinois.
May O'Conner Mauzy	Deceased	
Lillian Brown Wortley		Logansport, Ind.
Anna Hogan O'Connor		Wabash, Ind.
Pearle Jones Green		New York City.
William Miller	R. R. Employee	Rossville, Ill.
John E. Westfall	Lawyer	Kansas City, Mo.
Frances Wahl Hallihan		Remington, Ind.

FRANK L. PECK

NYAL STORE

Remington, Indiana

DRUGS

KODAKS

STATIONERY

PAINTS

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NAME	OCCUPATION	LOCATION

1900

Stella Locke Bernard		Burlington, Kans.
Gertrude Bartoo	Commercial Instructor	Danville, Ind.
Ethel Green	Instructor Economics	Worthington, Ind.
Mable Lambert Boicourt		Indianapolis, Ind.
Lina Sheetz Cummons		Rockford, Ill.
Addie Hawn Mullen	Teacher	Flagler, Colo.
Alice Walker	Stenographer	Winnipeg, Canada.
Anna Green Greene		Edgely, N. Dak.
Joseph Milner	Lawyer	Indianapolis, Ind.

1901

Golda Lamborn Didlake		St. Paul, Minn.
Anna Coleman	Bookkeeper Penn. R. R.	Remington, Ind.
Dora Jordan Morrow		Rensselaer, Ind.
Mary Paxton Russel		North Manchester, Ind.
Edith Roadifer Balcom		Remington, Ind.
Nellie Shand Atkinson		Fowler, Ind.
Walter Irwin		Fowell, Wyo.
Clara Zinser Tyler	Farming	Remington, Ind.

1902

Sarah Goodspeed		Crosby, Minn.
Luther Markin	M. E. Minister	Lake Cicott, Ind.
Nellie May Sterrett		Rensselaer, Ind.
Pearle Morris		Remington, Ind.
Mary Roush	Ass't Cashier State Bank	Remington, Ind.
Bertha Smalley Lilves		Remington, Ind.
Charles Tharp	Sears, Roebuck & Co.	Chicago, Ill.

1903

Merle Lamborn	Government Service	Washington, D. C.
Marie Clowry Stephenson		Cleveland, Ohio
Emeroy Stillman Shelmon		Remington, Ind.
Elsie Bickel	High School Principal	Woodland, Ill.
Ray Tyler	Proprietor Garage	Brighton, Colo.
Thomas O'Connor	Druggist	Terre Haute, Ind.
Frances Shand		Columbus, Montana.
Edna Whitehead	Died July 19, 1906	

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MOLINE TRACTORS OAKLAND CARS

SERVICE

AUTO SALES

CO.

NAME	OCCUPATION	LOCATION
1904		
Ethel Hackley Hensler		Remington, Ind.
Ethel Smalley	Teacher	Shoals, Ind.
Roy Atkinson	Farmer	Fowler, Ind.
Leonard Foster		Chicago, Ill.
Catherine Hartman Woodward		Richmond, Ind.
Fay Irwin	Government Service	Washington, D. C.
1905		
Katherine Green Morris		Huntington, Ind.
Lowell Townsend	Music Instructor at University	Madison, Wis.
William A. Smalley	Farmer	Remington, Ind.
Daisy Luckey Rush		Windfall, Ind.
Vernon Balcom	Employed in Steel Mills	Gary, Ind.
Verne Broadie Bartee		Lafayette, Ind.
Lena Williamson	Teacher Public Schools	Remington, Ind.
Frances Yeoman Myers		Remington, Ind.
Alice Tharp Johanneson		St. Louis, Mo.
1906		
Mable Turpening Fell		Denver, Colo.
Ada Peck Bowman		Remington, Ind.
Louise Hartman	Teacher	Richmond, Ind.
Wilda Green Dexter		Chicago, Ill.
Jessie Williamson	Teacher Public Schools	Remington, Ind.
Guy Little	Motor Training	Camp Jessup, Ga.
Luce Bartoo	Mechanic	Remington, Ind.
1907		
Charles J. Fell		Denver, Colo.
Mary Bartee Groves		Monticello, Ind.
Fred Corah	Farmer	Morris, Ill.
Nola Grubb Wakeman		Monticello, Ind.
Frank Foster		Springfield, Mo.
1908		
Grace Warnock		Remington, Ind.
Edith Little	Teacher	Kentland, Ind.
Roscoe Eller	Farmer	Remington, Ind.

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THE REMINGTON GARAGE

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NAME	OCCUPATION	LOCATION
Virgil Clark	Electrician	Gary, Ind.
Estella Johnston Newbold		Remington, Ind.
Helene Roades Guy		Remington, Ind.
Estella Taylor		Remington, Ind.

1909

Pearle Lilves Comer		Rensselaer, Ind.
Burdette Roush	Farmer	Goodland, Ind.
Opal Thomas Dowell	Deceased	
Bessie Anderson May		Remington, Ind.
Grace Corah	Business College	Huntington, Ind.
Florence Goss Wingard		Remington, Ind.
Myrtle Bartee Merritt		Remington, Ind.
James Orval Thomas	Dealer Farm Implements	Remington, Ind.

1910

Clara Griffith May		Remington, Ind.
Kieth Spencer	Proprietor "Lyric"	Remington, Ind.
Bessie Guy Gardner		Remington, Ind.
Laura Peck Spencer		Remington, Ind.
Leona Lewis May		Remington, Ind.
Irene Balcom Kerr		Crawfordsville, Ind.

1912

Adrian Foster		Chicago, Ill.
Dorothy Flint		Denver, Colo.

1913

Daisy Ott Wall		Logansport, Ind.
Robert Hutton	Government Service	Washington, D. C.
Marie Roades Wilson		Goodland, Ind.
Bernard Hargreaves	Traveling Salesman	Chicago, Ill.
Rachel Smalley Broadie		Lafayette, Ind.
Florence Johnston Copeland		Elkhart, Ind.
Helen Peck Swift		Jamestown, N. Y.
Myrtle Alters		Remington, Ind.
Mable Rawlings Alson		Remington, Ind.

State Bank of Remington, Indiana

Founded 1908

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$50,000.00

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$700,000.00

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reciprocate by giving the best possible

SERVICE

NAME	OCCUPATION	LOCATION
1914		
Lottie Porter	Teacher	Tefft, Ind.
Leone Harper	Teacher	Monticello, Ind.
Leila Lilves Alberts		Remington, Ind.
Mable Elrod Richey		Holton, Ind.
Lena Phelps Stockment		Remington, Ind.
Garnet McNary Parks		St. Petersburg, Fla.
Helen O'Riley Wooden	Postoffice Clerk	Remington, Ind.
Harry Howard	Medical Student I. U.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Max Hargreaves		Chicago, Ill.
Russel Taylor		Remington, Ind.
Fannie Tribby Cain		Remington, Ind.
Oris Hotaling	Dentist	Denver, Colo.
Adelia Chappell	Trained Nurse	Chicago, Ill.
Marion Parks	Real Estate Agent	St. Petersburg, Fla.
1915		
Dott Porter	College Student	Seattle, Wash.
Lola Skinner	Teacher	Remington, Ind.
Frieda Wineland Woods	Teacher	Wolcott, Ind.
Cecelia Crain	Teacher	Richmond, Ind.
David Bickel	Medical Student	Indianapolis, Ind.
Dewey Roades	Wholesale Business	Tulsa, Okla.
Gladys McGlynn	Teacher	Muncie, Ind.
Dorothy Spencer		Remington, Ind.
Fred Peck	Of C. H. Peck & Son	Remington, Ind.
Daisy Fisher	Bookkeeper	Elkhart, Kan.
1916		
Hazel B. Gray	Teacher	Remington, Ind.
Hazel Gray	University Student	Valparaiso, Ind.
Pauline Konkle	Teacher	Butler, Ind.
Marguerite Cummons Bates		Louisville, Ky.
Lucille Harper		Remington, Ind.
Bruce Peck	Medical Student I. U.	Bloomington, Ind.
Dewey McGlynn	Killed in Action Oct. 17, 1918.	
Herbert Powers		Indianapolis, Ind.
Irene Howard	Teacher	Georgetown, Ky.
Ethel Johnston	Teacher Public Schools	Remington, Ind.
Iva Brooks		Kokomo, Ind.
Martha Parker		Remington, Ind.
Berea Bartoo Eger		Rensselaer, Ind.

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SERVICE
STYLE

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REMINGTON, INDIANA

NAME	OCCUPATION	LOCATION
1917		
Anna Lewis Boatman		Logansport, Ind.
Ernest Wineland	Employed in Steel Mills	Gary, Ind.
Robert Williams	Employed in Factory	Jackson, Mich.
Hughes Cornwell		Remington, Ind.
Roy Brooks		Remington, Ind.
Thelma Hensler Lewis		Remington, Ind.
Nina Washburn	Teacher	Remington, Ind.
Gladys Tribby	Telephone Operator	Remington, Ind.
Iva Norwood Alvis		Remington, Ind.
Mildred Harper	Teacher	Remington, Ind.
Helen Farabee	Clerk Hicks' D. G. Co.	Remington, Ind.
Cecile Culp	Teacher	Remington, Ind.
Opal Edwards Hartman		Remington, Ind.
Helen Porter	Teacher	Remington, Ind.
1918		
Esther Geier	Teacher	Remington, Ind.
Mildred McGlynn	Teacher	Rensselaer, Ind.
Opal Hafey	Teacher	Remington, Ind.
Earle Howard	Student Indiana U	Bloomington, Ind.
Ferne Rawlings	Teacher	Remington, Ind.
Mamie Reed	Teacher	Remington, Ind.
Daisy Gray	Bookkeeper State Bank	Fowler, Ind.
Nellie Johnston	Teacher	Remington, Ind.
Oscar Beasey		Remington, Ind.
Ruby Hamilton	Clerk	Remington, Ind.
Robert Smalley	Student Indiana	Bloomington, Ind.
Hazel Lucas	Bookkeeper State Bank	Remington, Ind.
Josephine Kenyon		Remington, Ind.
Robert Stoudt	Bookkeeper	Remington, Ind.
1919		
Zoe Jordan	Normal School Student	Terre Haute, Ind.
Will Washburn	Student Indiana U	Bloomington, Ind.
Bernard Villinski	Business College	Kankakee, Ill.
Clarence Meadal	Farmer	Remington, Ind.
Nina Gray	Bookkeeper	Remington, Ind.
Opal Capes	Teacher	Remington, Ind.
Chester Biddle	Student Indiana Uni	Bloomington, Ind.
Helen Cain	Teacher	Remington, Ind.
Imogene Landon	Student Washington Coll	Pullman, Wash.
Avanelle Geier	Teacher	Columbia City, Ind.
Gladys Hawkins		Remington, Ind.
Lola Edwards		Remington, Ind.

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